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by

LILEEN HARDY

With an Introduction by
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

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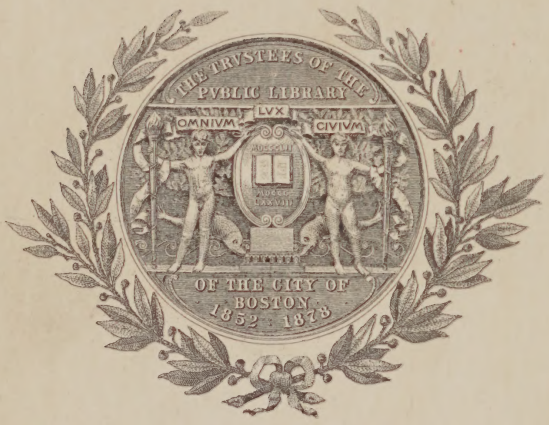
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THE DIARY OF A FREE KINDERGARTEN

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Photograph by Francis C. Inglis, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

A SCHOOL MUSTER

THE DIARY OF A FREE KINDERGARTEN

BY

LILEEN HARDY

With an Introduction by

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

and Illustrations from Photographs

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INTRODUCTION

THE work of the Kindergarten in a half-forgotten corner of Edinburgh, like that in many another half-forgotten corner in Great Britain and America, is one that begets interest and sympathy in every understanding heart. It seems very small, so small that it is constantly overlooked, and its influence constantly minimised, but in reality it is big with promise and rich in results.

Here is a modest, unpretentious record of the daily life of one Kindergartner, who is doing her little best to make the world a better place in which to live. You can hear the mother heart beating in every simple paragraph, and see the spirit of the teacher and the gladness of the pupils on every touching page. This 'mothering' is sorely needed

by little creatures who grow up in homes where stern necessity provides a too-chilling atmosphere for the young plant. Do not think the attitude of the child-gardener sentimental, but believe it to be true that out of the heart come the issues of life.

I wish any word of mine might help to earn a little flood of golden sovereigns, and so this beautiful work be strengthened and developed.

'The hope of the world lies in the children.' The words were said dozens and dozens of years ago, and we have reiterated them so often that they sound hollow and perfunctory on our lips; yet they are as vital as they were yesterday, and they will be as vital to-morrow. S. Saviour's Child-Garden is one of the places where they 'come true' daily.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

New York,
August 1912.

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THE DIARY OF A FREE KINDERGARTEN

November 1906.—S. Saviour's Child-Garden opened on All Saints' Day, 1906, with three children. A fourth should have come, but the mother misunderstood as to the date. I had said 'next Thursday' when it should have been 'Thurrrsday firrrst.' Two out of the three were just the right kind of child to make the beginning easy—intelligent, friendly, talkative, and quite at home. Some of their remarks were very amusing. The eldest of the three informed the others that the beads they were threading 'were no' for keepin', but the wumman can keep them her ain sel'.' They had some difficulty in picking up my name, and all the first day I was 'the wumman,' the second 'the wumman,' with the apology, 'I 'm aye forgettin' your name.'

The Kindergarten is held in a small Mission Hall belonging to Old S. Paul's Church, in which services are held on Fridays and Sundays. For our use we draw a curtain across the end where the altar is, and all the forms, chairs, kneeling-mats, etc., are packed out of sight. The children naturally supposed it to be my dwelling-house. They come mostly from homes where one room with a smaller one off it, or one room and a bed-closet, or even one room makes up the house. One day the brightest child carefully studied the contents of the room and asked, 'Where's Miss Hardy's bed — where does she sleep the night?' I suggested once that we should march round the room, and was corrected—'This is a hoose, a big hoose.' Another time when I spoke of sweeping up the floor I met with great contempt—'It's no' a floo'er (flower), it's the flair.'

On Friday they were duly instructed not to come on Saturday, but on Monday one said with an aggrieved air, 'We came roon, but ye was oot. Where was ye?' The next Friday I warned them that I should not be

there on Saturday. 'Where are ye goin'?' 'I shall be in my own house far away.' 'Leave the door open and we'll come in and watch ye.'

January 1907.—For the first two or three weeks I had great difficulty in getting response to my suggestions. The simplest direction, even to 'stand up' and 'sit down,' had to be demonstrated, partly, I think, because the children were so unaccustomed to obey verbal directions, and also because my speech was strange to them. Often I was completely floored by theirs. So many common expressions run differently. 'Is it time for pieces?' was a frequent question in the early days, and when I replied, 'Not yet,' Maggie, the leader, would translate 'No' the noo.' The bottom of the cupboard is to them 'the fit o' the press'; 'turn on the tap' is 'screw the well'; 'what is it called?' is 'hoo dae ye cry this?' One learns these things by degrees. If a child is 'greetin',' 'What's wrang wi' ye?' elicits what the trouble is better than 'What's the matter?' And when one wants to be very

impressive, 'D'ye ken that?' added to an injunction draws more attention than 'Do you understand?' 'Last night' covers any time in the past, and 'the morn' extends to the future with equal indefiniteness.

I think the greatest difference between slum and upper-class children lies in command of language. These little ones have such *very* limited vocabularies, and find such difficulty in getting hold of or even pronouncing a new word. When one tries to teach them a new word they will often say instead some word they already know, slightly similar in sound, without regard to meaning. For instance, in a Christmas song I introduced were the words, 'gladdest day of all the year'—'year' was beyond their ken, and one child rendered it 'gladdest day of all the *stair*.' It is difficult to tell them stories, because, apart from language difficulties, their experiences are so extremely limited. Of the eight we have now, only two remember having been in a train; not one appears to have seen the sea or been in the country; they never heard of fairies; not one knew what a birthday meant. Most of the

mothers have to look up the 'lines' (birth certificate) to be sure of the date.

Horses, coos, dugs, and cuddies (donkeys) are all the animals they know, and 'dug' has been applied to pictures of sheep, goats, foxes, squirrels, rabbits, and guinea-pigs. A garden roller was called at different times a bicycle and a teapot!

The homing instinct is strong. They easily learn their own peg in the cloak-room and their own seats at the table. Even tiny tots of three go messages alone. West-end mothers would be amazed at their independence. One young monkey of four-and-a-quarter, aided by a chum of three-and-a-half, raided her mother's house (kept locked all day, as the mother is out at work). They barricaded the door with a chair, spread themselves a feast of oatmeal and sugar, lit a gas-ring, and made tea!

To do her justice, she is generous in giving away as well as in helping herself. One day when I was eating sandwiches there came a tap at the door: 'We want to come in and watch ye; we'll only stay a wee while.' I was tired, but who could resist? Of course the

sandwiches were minutely studied. Some beetroot brought forth the remark, 'That's jam,' and marmalade was called 'treacle.' The next day Maggie said, 'I telled ma mither ye only had pieces for yer denner and nae tea, and she says ye're to come to weer hoose nights and she'll gie ye some tea.'

Tea, and *strong* tea, is the chief feature of every meal worthy of the name, though many a meal consists of 'Pieces' only (slices of bread, bread and butter or bread and jam) eaten in the street. Pieces are dealt out with absolute irregularity. A child asks for a piece when he thinks he will, and is given it, if it is in the house, at any time of day. One mother, congratulating herself on her child's appetite after an illness, remarked, 'His piece is never out of his hand,' meaning he always carried one about with him, and nibbled at intervals all the day.

Some of the more careful mothers give their children soup or 'tatties' for dinner, but a 'puddn'' is a rare luxury deserving announcement in public.

Walking up the Canongate one day, sym-

pathetic Maggie asked me, 'Where are ye goin'?' 'I am going home to get my dinner.' Later in the day, 'Did ye get yer denner?' (element of uncertainty). 'Yes.' 'What did ye get?' 'Some fish.' 'Sometimes *I* have fish for my tea (the square meal of the day when mother comes home). Did ye get tea wi' it?' 'No.' 'Sometimes when ma mither has nae tea and nae money *I* only get fish and nae tea wi' it,' as much as to say, 'You are not alone in your poverty.' I am delighted that they count me as one of themselves. One day I appeared in a new blouse. 'Whae gave ye that?' the inevitable question if anything new is shown. 'I made it.' 'Ya *did*nae.' 'Yes, I really did.' 'What oot o'? yer mither's skirt?' (Light blue delaine and my mother is a widow.) Garments are seldom made in the Canongate except out of old material. Most things are bought second-hand.

I find the study of these children intensely interesting, and have been learning, as I could never have done before, the truth of the following:—

'Experience breeds Sympathy, and Sym-

pathy Understanding, and Understanding Love; and Love leads Helpfulness by the hand, to open the gates of Power unlimited.'

I had hoped so much to get a voluntary assistant to work with me. It is such satisfying work, and there must be women to whom the opportunity would be a godsend if only we could get at them.

We celebrated Christmas with a service in church all our very own, and a party to which the mothers were invited. The children played some of the games they had learnt, and after tea came the lighting of the Christmas tree, which they themselves had helped to decorate. The only presents on the tree were a few small things they had made for their mothers. Some toys were brought out which were Christmas presents to the Child-Garden for all in common, and a few little things were taken home.

The children enjoyed their party rarely, and we had, after several milder hints had failed, to bring it to an end by getting out hats and jackets. Some of the mothers left without even saying good-night, but several weeks

afterwards one of them said it was the nicest party ever she had been at.

Christmas was celebrated with much happiness by the Child-Garden children. Throughout Advent preparation for Christmas had been the central idea running through all their little doings. The eldest child is only four-and-a-half, and not one of them previously knew anything about Christmas, or even remembered celebrating a birthday. The Christmas tree, decorations, crackers, 'Sandy' Claus as he was called, the giving of presents, and the various little ways in which a child finds expression for his sense of Christmas Festival, were all new joys to them. At their tea-party on Christmas Eve the supreme moments were when the candles were lit, and each child took from the tree and handed to mother a little picture-card, round which, with much doing and re-doing, and happy anticipation, a few stitches had been sewn for a frame. One of the children during Advent announced she meant to 'buy the Lord Jesus some floo'ers for Christmas.' The

proposal to make a general collection of ha'pennies for flowers was heartily agreed to, and the mothers had no peace till each child had contributed.

On Christmas morning the little company marched up to church for a service of their very own, carrying the flowers. Their little voices singing baby carols were feeble, and their reverence was not of the kind usually offered in the side-chapel; but one dares to hope it was, in the measure of their capacity, quite genuine.

February 1907.—The children's garden has produced its first blossom. One tiny snowdrop bud opened on 16th January. When the children were first shown the bulbs in November, their faint interest died on the discovery that 'they things is no for eatin'.' But when the grey-green shoots began to appear above ground and lengthen day by day, when the white bud emerged from its 'shawl,' changed its upward position and became a snow 'drop,' it was a thing to be regarded with curiosity and affection. A

formal procession was made during prayers one morning, and the precious 'first-fruit' was gathered, carried in, placed on 'the Lord Jesus's table,' and reverently offered to its Maker.

Following that, the children sang a seasonable hymn, embodying the central ideal of the kindergarten system, scarcely fully revealed in the name :—

'God sends His bright warm sun,
To melt the ice and snow,
To start the green leaf buds,
And make the snowdrops grow.

God sends His love to us,
To make our goodness grow,
Let us be sweet like flowers
That in the garden grow.'

The kindergartner's aim is not to give instruction, but to supply such appropriate environment, stimulus, and protection, that the child's inherent capacities, like a seed, will naturally unfold into harmonious development, into such a pure and perfect whole as a flower naturally becomes in the hands of a skilled gardener.

It was hoped that several blossoms would be

ready to be carried to church for the Dedication Festival, but unfortunately the frost prevented. However, the whole small company trooped into one of the Canongate flower-shops, and S. Paul's Day was well celebrated. After their service in church a dolls' tea-party was held, and the children now are asking when will there be another 'happy day,' and when will they go to church again?

March 1907.—We have been working very hard in the 'garden.' One of the fathers 'slept in' (overslept) one morning—a scavenger, and it seems if they are late beyond a certain time, the work is given to another man to do. We benefited, for he gave the greater part of the day to us. He pickaxed and shovelled and I shook the riddle. It is work which requires plenty of Elliman's at night, but it is the only thing to be done, for the 'soil' is made up of three-fourths stones of all sizes and one-eighth cinders and rubbish of all kinds, even to old waxcloth. We are doing it thoroughly, digging 2 ft. deep, putting sods at the bottom, and then alternate layers of riddled earth from

'top spit,' and horse droppings which the boys get from the streets. After that is all dug over again, we shall put on a few inches of really good soil. The stones and rubbish go to raise the lower end, so as to have one part level for ring games.

I should explain that our garden is a piece of waste ground lying just outside our back door. There were until recently old houses standing on it, which the Town bought up and pulled down, deciding to keep it as an open space. The authorities have granted us the use of it for one shilling a year, and the Burgh Engineer has been most kind in allowing us to make alterations, to pull down the palings which darkened our windows, etc. The people in the houses round do not trouble to keep ash-buckets, but throw everything out of window. When we took it over, it was littered with débris of all kinds, broken bottles, old tin cans, old boots, hats, stays, bones, potato peelings, two dead puppies, and one dead cat. The Rector sent a man, to whom he wanted to give employment, to heap the rubbish together, and it took three scavengers' carts at a cost of

eight shillings, not counting the men's time, to get it removed.

We got a part dug up and some bulbs put in, in November, but now we are tackling it in dead earnest. Mr. Laurie has got some of the young men from the church to come and help. Several Saturdays we have had great times. Some of the fathers and bigger brothers and sisters, and even one mother, have worked all together with much zeal, and I feel sure we have all enjoyed it. There is a delightful naturalness in our personal relations all working together. To exchange tools with a man and take a turn at his job gives a pleasant intimacy which nothing else brings.

We are still much annoyed by people throwing over rubbish of all kinds. The women in the houses above us seem to regard our ground as their legitimate ash-bin, and throw down refuse of every description. It is easy to believe what the caretaker says, that in summer the place is odoriferous. The special angels who protect slum children have so far kept us marvellously clear of accidents from the broken glass lying about, but we are tired

of gathering it up. It is an easy thing to throw a bottle out of a window, but another matter to pick up the pieces.

One of the Brown's Close boys remarked one day, 'This is the good-morning school. They're aye sayin' good-morning.' A special endeavour is being made to teach the children to make courteous and respectful greetings when they arrive and leave, and we are glad to know that the natives are impressed. The following was overheard from boys looking in at the window. 'Beads! Turtle-doves! Dolls!' 'Nice wee school; they dinna punish you here.' (A mistake; on occasion they do.) 'She's makin' a wee hoose!' 'What nice, eh?' 'I wish we came to this school.' 'Na, we're past a' that.'

A propos of some spades for the garden, one of the children remarked, 'This is a lucky place—you find everything here.' One Friday a child asked me, 'Will ye be oot the mornin'?' meaning, 'Will the Child-Garden be closed to-morrow?' '*Dinna* go oot the mornin'.'

The summer is coming, and the children's piece of waste ground is not yet a garden. One child, very pleased with her horticultural performances, remarked, 'It takes me to dae it, doesn't it no?' But when 'me' is a lassie in her fifth year it takes more than me. It takes a great deal of hard labour, time, and patience, to say nothing of fools' sanguineness, to convert foundations of old houses into a garden. However, we have not lacked the incentive of contemptuous remarks from on-lookers. One of the fathers of the children and two friends have generously been giving evenings and Saturday afternoons, several brothers have helped, and some big promises have been made, so that soon we hope to be in better trim. Though our flower-beds failed to produce anything fit for Easter decorations, some daffodils grown in pots indoors were carried up to the church, as well as lilies bought with the children's money. The 'ha'pennies, big ha'pennies, and fardens,' which they bring from time to time, have kept their own little altar supplied with both flowers and candles since Christmas.

Photograph by Francis C. Inglis, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

EARLY DAYS

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April 1907.—To visit the Kindergarten you enter by a narrow little door under a stair, which looks as if it led into a coal-cellar; but inside when the children are there it looks quite nice. It is a Mission Hall, and if you saw it set out for church on Friday evenings, you would think it would never do for a kindergarten. But Monday morning there is a great transformation. I have made a big Liberty curtain to draw right across the room in front of the altar, and all the forms, chairs, kneeling-mats, etc., go out of sight. Then little tables and chairs come out, dolls and cradles, washing-up bowls, cans, etc., canaries, doves, plants, brushes, dust-pans, dusters, etc., and it looks quite homely. There are two fireplaces, very old-fashioned, and two sinks. It was once two cottages. There is a big folding-door which we don't use at present, but which will be useful later. The windows are high, unfortunately, and rather small. There is green wood-panelling half-way up the walls, then cream whitewash—quite pretty. The children wear blue overalls with red collars and cuffs, and the mothers wash them in the

week-end. I have twelve children now. The Rector chooses the children. He has worked in the Canongate for nineteen years, and knows the people very well. He chose the best families for a beginning, and though the people are very poor, the children are mostly clean considering the circumstances. I have a daily inspection of hands and faces, and if they don't come up to a certain standard they have to be washed. The standard is distinctly rising, and those who have been with me longest are the cleanest. I try to have it considered a disgrace to have to be washed at school, and tell the children to tell their mothers if it has to be done.

Just before I came away for my holiday, the City Gardener, who is interested in education, promised help for our garden. He was going to send some men, free of any expense, to put down some red ash on the part we had levelled for a playground, some sand, good soil, and grass seed. I am taking back quantities of things from our home garden, and am in a great state of excitement to see what the place looks like. My caretaker's boy writes to me

that I 'waden not know it.' So far I have only had the children from 9.30 till 12.30, inviting one or two in the afternoons sometimes. But when our ash-court is ready and the weather fit, I shall have them all in the afternoons as well as mornings, mostly for gardening and free play, and out of doors whenever possible. We have already had snowdrops, crocuses, primroses, and daisies in bloom, and the children are delightfully keen on their 'floo'ers.'

'Wurrums' cause tremendous excitement. *How* they have enjoyed digging in the 'dirt,' as it is usually called, and even 'muck' sometimes. All told they have dug and riddled a considerable quantity of soil, and carried it to the flower-beds.

Four of the children are between four and five, the rest only three. They do seem tiny, and the limitation of their experience is something appalling.

I have a grand scheme in the air. I have a friend who runs a house in the country for poor people needing a holiday, and I have visions of taking my bairns, or some of them,

there for a week. It would be a big undertaking, but *how* they would enjoy it!

So far I have not been able to get a helper, but I have hopes of one next session. Our Rector has great ambitions of making it into a school, keeping the children till ten or later. I shall be only too glad if it can be done efficiently, and at any rate I mean to make a desperate effort to keep them till seven—the compulsory age. Two years, three to five, is so little, and the conditions the children live in are so awful.

May 2, 1907.—We have been back a week, and have got fourteen children now in all. We seem rather crowded and disorderly at present —hope for better times soon. I had no voice at all one day and very little two others, and one wished for a helper under those conditions. I often wish devoutly that I had two pairs of hands. 'There 's a peen jaggin' me' and 'tie my lace' are appeals which come so frequently, and often at the most inopportune moment.

Our garden is *just lovely.* It is about 90 ft.

by 20 ft.: two red ash playgrounds, one getting morning sun, the other afternoon; one piece of *lawn* (real grass), lots of flower-borders, and a jolly big sand-bed. Unfortunately the sand is not very deep, and the bottom is not drained as it ought to be, but we are only too thankful to get all that we have. Daffodils, wallflowers, daisies, and cowslips are in bloom. The children are so happy; perhaps it is all rather too exciting at present: we shall be calmer soon.

Would one believe it? the children did not know what grass is. I first was surprised because they did not recognise it in a coloured picture. Then when I told them we were going to have grass in the garden, they thought I was talking about *glass*. Now with the turf before them they have no name for it. I have asked them not to walk on the grass till it gets a little settled in, and to remind one another they point and say, 'Dinna walk on that.' And the King's Park is only ten minutes' distance from most of their homes, much less from some.

It is most interesting to watch the children

develop. Some of them are changing rapidly. Two or three months ago a heavy, slow boy announced one day—'Miss Hardy, my mother's a woman.' 'Oh.' 'And my Uncle Hendrie's a man.' 'Oh; and what's your father?' 'My feyther's a feyther.' 'And what am I?' 'You're Miss Hardy,' and no further enlightenment seemed possible. The other day he picked up a nail in the garden, and when it was suggested that he should give it to Miss Hardy he said, 'No, nails is no' for women, nails is for feythers,' and to his father he took it.

Some of the parents have been showing interest. We have a big rag doll called Mary, and the other day Mary was (rather improvidently) presented with a little frock which the baby had outgrown. One of the fathers gave us a canary and some birds' eggs; another one made a barrow, and several little things have been brought. One of the mothers volunteered to wash Mary's clothes. She wears a small edition of the same uniform as the children, and is a most important and much beloved person.

A big piece of good fortune has come to the

Kindergarten. Dr. Venters has consented to be our Medical Inspector. The children are wonderfully healthy considering the lives they lead : several of them don't go to bed till their parents do. But I feel sure there is a great deal that could be done. The mothers don't readily take suggestions from me as to the children's health, and they are often so unwise. One child was not weaned till the day she came to me, at the age of three years and two months !

June 5, 1907.—In spite of the weather which the merry month of May has been giving us this year, the children's enjoyment in their garden is growing. Some of the older ones are really beginning to observe opening buds, etc., without direction, and one keen young naturalist gave a leap into the air when he discovered his seeds coming up.

It is interesting to note that the Annual Conference of the British Child Study Association, held recently at Birmingham, devoted almost the whole of its programme to the subject of religion in child-training. The

leading educationists of the day, from the educational point of view purely, apart from their various religious positions, are rediscovering the necessity for spiritual training, and are insisting on the helpfulness of indirect means, such as the care of animals and gardens. Of the need of gardens in our district there is ample evidence.

The boys in the public playground range themselves in a row on their fence and call, 'Missus, we'll come in and help ye'; 'Let we's in'; and gardening advice, showing more interest than experience, is often given gratis. The sand-bed provokes much comment, and boys have volunteered to be 'cuddies for the wee yins on Portabelly Sands.'

There has been a vast improvement in our neighbours' regard for our property. The little scavenger, who goes into the garden each morning to pick up untidy things, sometimes reports that there is nothing to do. We were pleased to hear that when some boys made a raid over our fence, in search of firewood on bonfire night, 'all the windies was up, and all the women was roarin' at them.'

June 20, 1907.—We have three new children, making seventeen in all, one of them so heavily handicapped—father won't work, mother employed in fields, the child lives with grandparents, a drunken, sorry household. She is underfed and underclothed. Her favourite occupation is to play being 'junt' (drunk), which she does with horrible realism. The first time she saw flowers in the garden she made a grab at them and crushed them in her hand. A day or two later she said, 'They will dae for a toffin, eh?' Such a nervous, excitable temperament, she cries aloud every morning when the aunt, aged eleven, leaves her, and cries again at the end of the morning because she does not want to go home—ecstatically happy in between.

The rubbish nuisance has disappeared almost entirely. As long as we were still working at tidying, even the threats of the Social Union ladies to put wire-netting over the windows had almost no effect; but since Mr. M'Hattie put down turf, red ash, etc., the appearance of the place itself has secured respectful treatment. There is improvement in the children's

behaviour in the garden too. Miss Black is coming now two afternoons a week, and we have had some good times. It *is* nicer being two than one. We had hoped to be an open-air school this summer, but the weather has been hopelessly impossible. We have been rather overdone with visitors lately. One child told her mother, as something worthy of remark, 'Miss Hardy had naebody to see her the day, just only Mr. Laurie.' I am glad she thinks the people come to see Miss Hardy.

July 1907.—Our week in the country has been accomplished. Nine of the children met outside the church at ten o'clock one Monday morning, and together, accompanied by mothers, grandmothers, and babies, we trooped to the station. It was a comical business bundling them all into the train, and counting in the nine paper parcels of luggage. I had feared some of them might cry on parting from their mothers, but they were all excitedly happy.

After half an hour in the train we had a three-mile drive in the real country, an experience to be remembered for ever. One

little girl was anxious because there was 'naebody mindin' the horses' grazing in the field. When they caught sight of horses on the road in the distance, they shouted excitedly, 'Look! *wee* horses, *wee wee* horses.' They had never seen horses at so great a distance before, and appeared to think them a new breed. Dog-roses were in bloom, and were much sought after, though it was hard to be reconciled to the thorns. Their first acquaintance with stinging nettles was rather distressful, and afterwards they would point to cow-parsley, privet, and leaves of a most harmless nature, with the question, 'Will that jag ye?' A few days before we started, I was enlarging on the glories of a holiday in the country with a small boy, to overcome his dubiousness at leaving his mother, when he asked, 'Will there be a tree there?' I replied 'lots,' and then discovered that he meant a Christmas tree! As this was to be a great treat, he imagined it to have the features of the last great treat—Christmas.

On one of our walks we stopped and watched a stone-breaker at work with eye-protectors on, and one of the boys remarked, 'He's got sair

een.' Another one said, 'There's a pipe in amang the stanes: I saw the smoke,' reading new experiences in the light of old.

Needless to say we never passed a gate without climbing up or peering through it, and much interest was taken in the cottage gardens. We gave the children plenty of bed, commencing operations at six o'clock every evening. Some of them were home-sick at night, though happy enough through the day. Their appetites were enormous. Miss Brodie did all the catering, and her servants all the housework, so that I had only the children themselves to look after. But even with Miss Gibb, my landlady, who kindly came to help me, and the latter end of the week Miss Black too, it was quite hard enough work. I had fully intended to give at least some of the children baths every night, but not one was accomplished! The hot-water supply was very limited, and it took so long to wash even faces, arms, and legs. With one or two exceptions there was not much disturbance at night. The trouble one time was that 'Maggie winna turn roon tae me.' The entire absence in most cases of important

nursery habits was rather trying. One child had barely any fastenings to her garments but pins, but on the whole the mothers had risen well to the occasion, and sent the children far better dressed than usual. There were several new garments, and every pair of boots had new laces. I had brought a supply of boot-laces, because the frayed odds and ends they usually have are very troublesome to deal with, but I was very glad they were not needed.

There was a delightful little hill where the children rolled down and buried one another in hay. Some chickens, too, received much attention. One boy, who had some ha'pennies to spend, suggested buying a chicken to take home to his mother. The weather was not too kind to us; we had not to stay in much, but we had very little sun.

On the morning that they left the children gathered marguerites and other flowers to take home. We were thankful that when we delivered them up to their parents again there had been no accidents, and that they were all better in physical health and richer in experience.

The mothers paid two shillings each, which, with Miss Brodie's good management, covered, so she said, the cost of board. Miss Black gave me a pound-note for railway fares, hire of carriage, etc., and told me to 'play mysel'' with the surplus.

Miss Brodie very kindly invited us back again. We may be glad to accept, but it would be lovely to go to the sea one year if we could manage it.

August 1907.—We have held a garden-party in our garden—the most unique garden-party that ever was. We invited about one hundred people of all kinds, irrespective of rank so long as they were interested in our doings, and were sorry that neither of the two social extremes turned up—Lady Mackenzie and the scavenger father who had done so much to help us. About eighty-five came. We gave them tea, and Professor Geddes spoke on School Gardening. Mr. Laurie made an appeal for a voluntary worker, and I am on the track of a possible girl. There were lots of heads at the windows, but we had very little disturbance.

I had meant to ask the mothers to bring their babies, and sit in the garden and talk, several times during the summer, but we have not achieved it once. The weather has been hopelessly cold and wet.

Our neighbours are showing increasing appreciation of the improvement we have made in their surroundings. Our caretaker's mother got the Social Union to make a window in her wall that she might look out on us. It had been a window long ago, but had been blocked up and the recess made into a cupboard, which she sacrificed for the window.

A little girl in one of the houses above us, with whom we have no connection and who has never even set foot in the place, called out to a friend, 'Come up and see weer garden.'

We still have a good many little bits of rags dropped down on us. They blow off the clothes which are put out of the window to dry, and that, of course, can't be helped. If only they would take root and bear flowers we should have a fine show.

We are quite pleased with our health record for the year—of infectious diseases we have

only had one case of ringworm, one of hooping-cough, and two of measles.

The children have been to church for tiny services of their own on Christmas Day, S. Paul's Day, Easter, Ascension Day, and Whitsunday.

The Rector comes every Wednesday for prayers and a very simple address. When they understand so little it is extremely difficult to reach them, and their answers to questions are sometimes 'wides.' In trying to explain 'blessing' one day he asked if their fathers ever patted their heads, and a little girl replied, 'Ma feyther tweaks ma nose.' The Rector is splendid with them. Even with such an abstract subject he makes them very attentive, and they catch on to the spirit wonderfully well. He usually stays awhile to talk and play, and his weekly visits are highly appreciated.

September 25, 1907.—The garden has not produced nearly the amount of bloom I had hoped. We must make big efforts to improve the soil.

Photograph by Francis C. Inglis, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

OUR NEIGHBOURS IN THE CANONGATE

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My best beloved Maggie spent two days in a board school, but I have got her back again. I am having the six children who are over or nearly five, back four afternoons a week now. I really can't do justice to them in the mornings, when there are twenty, and some of them new babies of three. It makes a tiring day. The dinner hour is so short. On the time-table it is one hour, but often I hear the afternoon children at the door before the last of the morning ones is fetched away.

October 1907.—S. Saviour's Child-Garden needs a helper—a young lady to come regularly every morning, and if afternoons too, so much the better. There are now twenty-one children on the roll, from three to five years old, and it is difficult for one person to meet even the physical needs of that number single-handed. Applications have been made for several other children, who for the present have to be refused. If the right person could be reached, this is a great opportunity for her. Besides the help given to the children, there is the gain the experience is to one's self. A kindergarten is

an ideal field for a woman's self-development. In no branch of the world's work is there anything more satisfactory, or encouraging, or beautiful, or which evokes more from a woman and enables her to give more of herself. It is a school of life for women which gives true culture, and helps to make her thoughtful, original, self-reliant, and patient. Personality is the great thing, and the personality of an ideal kindergartner requires what, despite our limitations, we are all striving for—'the soul of a wise and loving mother, the mind of an earnest woman, and the heart of a little child.'

'To be a kindergartner is the perfect development of womanliness—a working with God at the very fountain of artistic and intellectual power and moral character. It is therefore the highest finish that can be given to a woman's education to be trained for a kindergartner.'

A professional training at S. Saviour's Child-Garden cannot, of course, be given. That requires at least a year's course at a recognised training college, but the experience would be a valuable preparation for specific training in

any kind of woman's work, for the home or for society.

Every woman, by the very fact that she is a woman, is responsible for neglected children —those who do not get their rightful inheritance. To make children happy is the first call equally on happiness or sorrow; 'to be with children, to work for them, is like sitting in the sunshine'; to educate them wisely is to hold in one's hand the lever which is going to do most to bring about the victory of the spiritual over material.

The treasures the children bring are sometimes most amusing. Little bits of chalk seem to be their most precious possession, to scribble with on the pavements; often pieces of clay-pipes are hoarded for the same purpose. Picture-postcards, advertisements, bits of skilly (slate-pencil), and bools (marbles) are frequently brought. They are all placed in a yellow jar near the door, unless it happens that the value is too high and trust in one's neighbours too low; then they are slipped into the pocket of my pinafore. My pocket is a general receptacle, and sometimes things get popped

in without my noticing. When I find that my handkerchief has been lying unawares next the inner side of a piece of well-seasoned clay-pipe, my feelings are—best known only to myself!

The children have almost no toys, ha'pennies often. I wonder where they all come from; they are always spent on sweets. I often meet children coming from the Free Breakfast on Sunday mornings, and there are nearly always some in a little dairy-shop buying sweeties. My children are very generous in giving away their sweeties. We often have one child passing them all round at 'piece-time.' They have taken to bringing apples for the birds. It is delightful to watch them sharing with one another some particular dainty. During the first fortnight, if for any reason a child got up from the table, it was always with an injunction to a chum to guard her piece from theft. We have advanced beyond that now.

Table manners, though they still leave much to be desired, have tremendously improved too. In the first days, if you didn't choose to finish your crust, it was an adequate means of disposal

to throw it on the ground and 'stramp' on it. We have a fully set meal with table-cloth (marble baize), flowers, and plate and mug for each child. The 'Special Helpers' set the table and 'wash the dishes,' and sweep up crumbs afterwards.

October 18, 1907.—Some friends brought us down some toys to-day and a doll's house—a beauty—which had served two generations and had been repainted and done up for us. The children were most amusing over it. Its architecture was that of a middle-class house, drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen, and bedrooms, but the children at once turned it into a tenement. 'This is ma hoose, that's your hoose, that's Peggie's hoose,' etc. Every apartment, even the downstair lobby, must of course have a bed in it, and they were much distressed because there were not enough to go round.

The need of some one to come and help me is growing acute. The work is entirely delightful and ought not to be so tiring, but usually by the end of Friday afternoon I am fairly done

for, and the unremunerative fag of having to pack away all our paraphernalia for Mission Service and Sunday School is the last straw.

For the present it is not a pleasant thought on a wakeful night, that if I should not be well enough to be at my post everything must come to a stop. And for the future it is decidedly discouraging when we want to do so much. We ought, of course, to have people in training now to take up the classes as the children get older. If we are going to keep them we shall always be wanting more and more help.

November 2, 1907.—We have got all our bulbs in at last, and ought to have a grand show in the spring—snowdrops, aconite, glory of the snow, crocus (purple and yellow), hyacinths (garden and wild), Spanish iris, daffodil, narcissus, tulip. It will be highly exciting when the spring comes—quite a surprise packet. I had a large box of roots sent me, several of them with every vestige of leaf cut off, and some I could not recognise. I had just to trust to luck. They may be in wholly wrong positions, and colours may clash. It will be fun to see

how it turns out. The bulbs, too, have gone in rather higgledy-piggledy. The first two plantings we arranged and labelled with great precision, then we had one after another three presents of more bulbs, which rather confused our plan, but which, needless to say, we were delighted to have.

We are glad to say that two ladies have volunteered temporary help in the Child-Garden. We should, however, still be glad to find a lady willing and able to devote herself entirely to the work, and to enter fully into our highest aims. There must be numbers of girls and women who, by their circumstances, are free from the necessity of earning their own living, who would find a great fulfilment of their lives in thus giving themselves to the service of Christ in His poor children. No community could hold out a greater method of vocation to the consecrated life. The tragic needs of the slum children are very obvious. The hope of a final solution, if there is ever to be such a solution, lies in education. If, therefore, we could reach one who is trying to get guidance as to how usefully to serve God and fulfil

her own life, she might find in this work an answer to her need.

November 20, 1907.—Hurrah! Mary Johnson, an old friend who is very much alive, has come to help us. It is such a relief to have the piano and another voice to rely on. My throat used to get so tired. To lead the games, quite alone, keeping up the spirit of it, enthusing unresponsiveness into song and action, warding off roughness and little accidents, keeping an eye on two four-year-old 'Special Helpers,' washing the lunch-plates and mugs, and maintaining the balance between restraint and freedom against the influence perhaps of a too-exciting visitor, all at one time, is hard work. The children don't sing very readily—a strong voice and a good ear are possessed together by only one child of the party, and her attention is rather spasmodic. Before Mary came, if I happened to sneeze or had to stop singing for a minute, they would all break down. We used to have very bad times if I had a cold. It was very funny once. I was very keen to teach them a new song for a

church festival—Easter I think it was—and I was all but voiceless. They seemed not to be able to pick it up from the piano. I tried my best production, and the instinct for imitation was so strong they all began trying to sing hoarsely, making most comical sounds. It used to take two or three weeks for the class-singing to recover if I had had a cold.

Now that I can lead and Mary plays, the marching goes with ever so much more enjoyment. Mary is going to be a Swedish Gymnastic Mistress, but intends staying with us till July.

December 1, 1907.—The Kindergarten children have commenced making school expeditions. On 21st November eight of them went to visit the big elephant at Chambers Street Museum. After cautious inquiry as to whether the creature could move, the children studied him with much interest. Afterwards they made a circus procession of elephants modelled in clay, some of them weak in the legs and otherwise scarcely fitted for the battle of life

in the jungle, but still quite recognisable as elephants.

On 29th November a party of eleven visited the Central Fire Station, and met with a particularly kind reception. For their edification an electric bell was rung, in obedience to which two horses immediately went forward through the swing-door at the head of their stalls, and took their places by the fire-engine ready for action. One of the firemen went up the staircase and showed how, to save time, they slide down the pole, and a small boy said, 'Do it again, mister.' They were also shown the stables, the forge, metal being burnished, a wheel being painted, ladders being made, a hose playing; they were allowed to swing on the rings in the gymnasium; and three of them had helmets put on their heads and were lifted up on the fire-engine.

In school they have been making drawings of helmets, wheels, hose, ladders, etc., and singing a song about the promptness and bravery of the Fire Brigade. All the laddies and one lassie have resolved to be firemen when they are grown up.

December 10, 1907.—The children have entered well into the spirit of gift-making. It was hard work to make them catch on at first, but the delight with which Jeanie Reid brought out 'Mother be p'eased, eh?' was very encouraging.

Mr. Michie, H.M. Inspector, paid us a visit yesterday—unofficial, of course. Davie asked if he was the man who brings the Christmas tree. He was much interested, and I hope I may have done something towards preparing the way for a sympathetic inspection when that day comes.

December 29, 1907.—Fate was cruelly hard and kept me in bed all the last week of term, even for Christmas party and all. Fortunately Mary rose to the occasion, and with Ethel Black's help carried it all through splendidly. The children think so much of Christmas celebrations, it would have been heartrending if it had had to be postponed. They had been inquiring for weeks past how many days more. Several friends had sent contributions for the entertainment. I heard, to my

great comfort, that everything went splendidly. Jeanie Neill was 'transfixed with delight' at a dolly dressed in green satin, and went about all the evening inviting people to stroke and admire.

Before tea the children played kindergarten games, sang songs, and four of them gave a very small recitation. Mary had put on the tree some non-inflammable fireworks, which were very highly appreciated. The mothers were all there but one, and the Rector said there was quite a friendly genial atmosphere. Privately I had hardly thought it would go so well without me! but am extremely glad it did. It is a great comfort to know that Mary and Ethel are so keen and capable. I hope not to be ill any more, but it won't be quite such horror if it should happen again.

January 7, 1908.—Reassembled to-day. Sad fatalities in the holidays. The frost has done for the wallflowers; the scillas have been eaten off, apparently by mice; all the ornaments have been stolen from the Christmas tree; two minnows have died; the kitten killed one of the

canaries, and got 'such a leatherin'' that she has never been seen since. Mrs. Mackie, the caretaker, most kindly gave us her own canary, but the one we lost was a friendly, tame little thing, and would eat from the children's hands or lips.

Two snowdrop buds are showing white.

January 24, 1908.—Mary has told me that her family wants her to leave at Easter, to get a good rest before beginning her training, so now I must renew the hunt. Several of the fathers are out of work, and several children ill, though nothing infectious. This is the hardest time of the year.

A small boy in London, when told there was a letter for him about the children of S. Saviour's Child-Garden, at once inquired, 'Will it tell us what they do?' So, in obedience to the kindergarten principle of following children's suggestions, here is a little account of how our children spend some of their time in the Child-Garden.

They begin to jam themselves against the door fully fifteen minutes before the time for

it to be opened, and the first business is to rub their boots on the mat—a practice which invariably needs to be taught. Then 'pieces,' a few odd treasures too precious to be left at home, and offertory ha'pennies are stowed away in safe places, hats and jackets taken off and 'pinnies' put on—the school uniform, provided by the school, and washed by the mothers in the week-ends. Each child knows his or her own peg, and is encouraged to be as independent as possible. When every one is standing in order, we sing a very simple greeting song to one another, and it has become a habit to repeat it, addressed to various objects of affection which the children suggest—fishes, doves, particular toys, the big sky—anything which comes naturally and spontaneously to the child mind, and it is most interesting and illuminative to note where each one's heart is. Sometimes, quite gravely, we sing, 'Good-morning, dear God,' even though, it may be, in close juxtaposition to Santa Claus or the fire-engine; and sometimes, 'Good-morning, Mr. Laurie,' with gusto, quite unaffected by the fact that he does not hear.

Then, after some marching or running, certain regular morning duties have to be attended to, each child choosing day by day what he or she will do. (This is the time, 9.30 to 10, when visitors would see what is most typical of the Kindergarten, and, as the children are working individually, cause least interruption.)

The favourite occupation is to change the goldfishes' water, another to water plants and bulbs; two children each take charge of a canary's cage, and another of the doves', and give fresh water and seed. One child polishes the cross from the altar, others the candlesticks, offertory plate, and gong. All the flower-vases receive attention, the door handles are polished, and the glass of pictures rubbed bright. The piano and little chairs have to be dusted, the room sprayed with disinfectant, the garden scavengered, and the dolls' bed made. No more help or supervision is given than is absolutely necessary. It not infrequently happens that a brass candlestick leaves a child's hands more smeary than at the beginning, or that as much water finds its way to

the floor as to the bird's cage. Children's 'help' is usually from an adult's point of view hindrance, but in a kindergarten one is in honour bound to ignore that, and to give the children free scope. They want to help, and like to feel themselves responsible. This is the age when the instinct for activity and industry is strong. With the cramped house space, burdened, restricted lives, and big families which many of our mothers have, it is hardly to be expected that they will have energy, insight, time, and patience to train their children well in these ways. Yet it is in such work as this that the foundation must be laid for industry, orderliness, self-reliance, initiative, and perseverance.

February 26, 1908.—Our Nature Study has been leading us to some far flights of imagination lately. Maggie Neill brought me a piece of grape stem—'See! I've got a tree. I'm going to plant it in my garden, and it 's going to have apple bulbs.'

Jeanie, watching hail-stones, inquired, 'Div ye ca' yon snowdrops?'

Photograph by Francis C. Inglis, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

TENDING PETS AND FLOWERS

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Maggie Baillie, watching sunshine fade and come back again: 'What makes it come back? Does God turn a handle?'

Somebody inquired, 'Can God put Humpty Dumpty together again?'

Three encouraging instances of kindliness this morning. One of the children came in trouble about some happenings on the road, and Jeanie Reid (three-and-a-half) said, 'Will I chum her up with somefin'?' Yesterday a lady brought a bag of sweets, some of which we stored for future occasions, and this morning Maggie Baillie suggested that two children, who were absent yesterday and present to-day, should get a share. Davie proposed that we should address our 'Good-morning' song to Mollie Birnie, who is ill in hospital. Mollie is reported to have told the Sister that if she gets better she is going to 'give all her ha'pennies to Miss Hardy for the Lord Jesus.'

March 22, 1908.—These are some home joys which have been related to me lately:—

'D' ye ken what much I got for ma denner? A hale herrin' to mysel'.'

Another child: 'We're goin' to flit (move) to a house with *three windies* to it.' Davie brought us a share of some flowers which his mother had got 'off a lady.'

We have been having very poor attendances lately—the children call it a 'wee drappie children.' Several have been away owing to illness, three in hospital at one time, but they are all recovering now, and we have several new ones coming soon.

Here is an interesting piece of folklore. We had been speaking about winter going past, snow disappearing, bulbs coming up and buds beginning to open, and then I asked the children what time was coming now. The answer was, 'Time for Scotch and Irish,' referring to S. Patrick's Day.

'Scohtchannirish' is a hideous game they play with a tin can tied to the end of an impromptu whip. Sometimes the boys take sides and go at one another—sometimes it is a duel. The girls and little ones are expected to take sides and cheer, and one of them said most naïvely, 'If you are Scotch you can say Irish if you like.' It is really dangerous, and the noise is

hideous. The assailants and the ring of onlookers take up the whole width of the street, so that one can hardly get past without pushing some one into danger. Last year it went on for a good fortnight after S. Patrick's Day, and sometimes nearly approached a riot, but this year the police are putting a stop to it.

Easter Holidays.—I have often been asked if the mothers appreciate the attempts we make for their children. Well, in varying degrees, of course. On the whole I think I can safely say they do very much. We heard more expressions of gratitude when we were a new institution. It comes, as all things do, to be taken more or less as a matter of course. Our doctor, Miss Isabel Venters, who joined us at the end of our first year, says the Kindergarten is a very popular institution among the mothers. I gave up trying to get one child to come. Her mother said she was too delicate. My own impression was that it was the mother's self-denial in getting up in time which was too delicate. Two other mothers, whose names a

District Visitor had given me, would not be persuaded to send their children; and we, the District Visitor and I, agreed that it was because they would not be bothered to get the little ones washed and dressed, did not think it worth while. But against that I can remember many little welcome expressions of gratitude. Scotswomen are not ready with their 'thank you's,' but when they do say it they mean it, and often the blunt way in which it is said gives it additional force.

These are some of the remarks:—

'You *are* making Davie a little gentleman. He speaks so nice now—puts us in the right sometimes. *We* canna keep up to it. What we say is vulgar to what he says.'

Minnie, three years old, 'always wants a cup and plate to herself now. Their father likes fine to see them nice in their ways' (the while that an older daughter, standing two yards from their guest, in the bedroom of the house, is eating hot potatoes in her fingers, and to make them cool is tossing them up and down on a filthy pinafore).

Another proud mother tells me Bella 'won't

wear a dirty pinny now. She says she wouldn't like Miss Hardy to see her.'

An aunt, who had been spending half an hour in the Kindergarten, remarked, 'They are like *ladies'* children here.'

The mother of a very rough and wild boy said, 'We see a difference on him whenever he comes up the stair.'

Lizzie, a quiet, crushed little thing, 'has such a lot to say now she goes to the Baby School.'

Maggie, formerly a stubborn, sulky girl, highly nervous, is 'a different child a'the-gither. She used to roar if any one came into the hoose; now she 's aye ready to mak' friends.'

'What you are teaching them now, that will aye bide into them.' (*May it.*)

'When Willie begins to be naughty, I only have to say, "Very well, you won't get to the school," and he will do whatever I want.'

This last is teaching the child obedience from low motives of course, but when one sees how completely little tyrants banish all peace sometimes, and compel the whole household to

submit to their neurotic and despotic will, it is something to have given the mother the whip-hand.

May 6, 1908.—We began again on Tuesday, with speech and manners considerably roughened by the holidays. How many times one has to go over the same ground again. We miss Mary Johnson very much, though I am very glad to say we have two new helpers in her place. Nettie Balfour, fresh from school, who comes every morning, and Ethel Forbes for two mornings a week—both of them entirely inexperienced in kindergarten ways, but attracted by the children, and quite keen to learn.

I am afraid discipline will be a difficulty for some time to come. It is not easy to know just where to draw the line between restraint and freedom, and still less so, for a newcomer, to discover where the line is drawn. I am very keen that the Child-Garden shall be as home-like as possible, and free from rules, but with increasing numbers it becomes increasingly difficult, and without doubt rules are a help

to raw assistants. Up to a certain point the more liberty the better, because it gives the children more to do for themselves, makes restraint self-restraint, the lesson which they need perhaps more than any other; but go ever so little beyond the right point and in a kindergarten you very soon have pandemonium.

June 1, 1908.—*Such* a catastrophe! There was a very severe thunderstorm on Saturday night, and the lightning struck the old houses at the foot of our garden. Now our beautiful red ash playground is strewn all over with the débris. Nor is that all. We had a rockery against the wall, planted with ferns which Miss Venters sent from the Highlands; also some creepers—firethorn and ampelopsis—planted in tubs. I had a 'bad heart on 'em' all the winter, but they had begun to sprout splendidly. Now they are buried and lost, and will never be green again.

I am afraid we shall have some difficulty in getting the débris removed. It was a wall belonging to houses which the Town owned, and was left standing when the rest was pulled

down, because pinned to the Brewer's house, very far gone in dilapidation. Now, curiously enough, the Town wall has fallen completely, and the Brewer's wall remains standing. How long before it is settled whose business it is to get the stuff cleared away? The Brewery did not pay and is closed; the Town Council moves slowly. The worst of it is, too, that when the stones and rubble are shovelled away, our red ash is bound to go too, and neither from Brewer nor Council can we get compensation for damages done by Nature! What with draughts and sunlessness, and cats and smuts, our garden had enough to contend with before, without having electricity against it too. Never mind, the flower-beds are all a-blooming. We have had a good show of blossom the last three months, and better is yet to come.

June 9, 1908.—The rubbish is cleared away —every bit of it, and nearly every bit of our rockery too! One firethorn and some remnants of periwinkle left surviving.

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'Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places,
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.'

June 17, 1908.—We have had a hedgehog on a week's visit. The children were delighted with it, and we might have kept it longer, but its peace and comfort were not too secure. Our fences are not hedgehog-proof, and if the Canongate boys got possession the poor beastie would have a bad time.

June 22, 1908.—We have had the loan since April of the Reid's Court Kindergarten's doves, which were breeding well, in exchange for our two cocks, and have successfully reared two broods. The children have been highly interested, simply spell-bound some of them, at the rapid growth between Friday and Monday. And now we have at last—after many attempts had failed—got some pigeons. Davie Mackintosh's father made the doo'cot (pigeon-house), and Miss Macdonald gave us the pigeons—red tumblers—with babies a few days old. The parents are too much taken up with their new surroundings to pay proper attention to their offspring, and they are not thriving. Indeed, I had dug their grave, and was going to take the poor little

things out of the nest to bury them, when one of them moved. I am afraid they will die yet, but every one who keeps pigeons complains that they multiply too fast, so I hope we shall have a young pair we can let fly before very long. Every one tells me ours will be stolen, but I trust not. We have placed them at a height inaccessible except by a ladder, and the ladder is chained to another part of the wall and locked on. Our bigger boys imperiously order unnecessary little girls out of the road when the ladder is to be brought into position, and to climb and give the birds attention is a proud though perilous privilege. Of course we play the stock Pigeon-House game, and the pigeons make the centre-point of all our work and exercises—physical, moral, and intellectual. We believe very strongly in making the interests of early years centre round *life*. We are planning a week in the country again, and hoping to bring the children into closer intimacy with Nature than is possible in the town.

Some of the children who have been with me from the beginning are showing marked

improvement in manners, and are sometimes quite eager to learn what is good behaviour and what is not. A point which presents great difficulty to me is how far to inculcate restraint with regard to visitors. They treat me and every one who comes frequently to the Child-Garden as friends with whom they have absolute liberty, and I am only too glad that they should—as far as regards myself at any rate. I never see intentional cheekiness. They are young children, and I want them to remain oblivious of class distinctions, to take all the world on trust as long as possible, but sometimes I am afraid they are a little too free. From several people they both get and give more or less fondling, but now and again I am hotly conscious that some of our visitors object to their demonstrativeness. But, poor little dears, it seems too bad to check them. What is one to do?

Yesterday I laid down the law this wise :—

'It is rude for little people to touch ladies unless they touch you. Just their hands you may touch, but nothing else.' The announcement was received with surprise, as something

quite strange and undivinable, and I had qualms. This morning I heard one of them handing on the injunction to her small sister, winding up, 'Miss Hardy *said* it.' And Miss Hardy felt as if she had been rubbing in class distinctions snobbishly.

'Rude' is a new concept, not yet very clearly defined. When the pinafores go home on Fridays, we roll them up in bundles fastened with pins. Maggie Neill told me the other day her mother put the pins in her pincushion. 'Is it rude for mother to keep the pins?' One very hot day a little while ago I went to school in a white blouse with no jacket on. The children noticed it immediately, and remarked, 'Miss Hardy is a lady to-day' (!).

They do notice one's personal appearance a good deal. When I was making my first preparations I took a good deal of trouble with my own pinafores, embroidering the yokes. I asked an artist friend to draw me a very special design, and she wrote back scornfully, did I think I was going to redeem the world with the design on my pinafore?

Nothing daunted, I boldly concocted something myself, and one day met my reward. A child told Miss Forbes her pinny wasn't a nice pinny. She should have a pretty yin like Miss Hardy's!

July 5, 1908.—The mothers have held a picnic, all their own idea and organisation. I have had them in the garden three or four fine evenings this summer—no entertainment or tea provided, but just to sit and talk. Meeting all together in that fashion led the way to the picnic. I am ever so pleased that they should want to go into the country, and make a combined effort to go together, especially as at first they were inclined to be cliquey, and leave those who knew no one out in the cold. Every mother was invited, but only thirteen out of nineteen were able to come, chiefly I think because of expense. They each paid one shilling, but we, the Rector, the doctor, Miss Black, Miss Forbes, Miss Ireland, and myself, were all invited as their guests, and presented with our railway tickets!

We were told to meet at the Caledonian Station at two, and did not get off till 2.32, and the 'Cally' at that hour on a July Saturday is not restful, but when once we were off everything went splendidly. Cramond was our destination, and we began tea immediately we got there, two of the fathers having gone on in advance to carry the things and boil the kettle. Such a spread! Ham-sandwiches, salmon-sandwiches, scones (plain and fancy), and cookies, cakes of various sorts, sweeties, and strawberries. The Committee had taken a great pride in the tea, and it was a royal one, quite putting to shame the best Mothers' Meeting tea that ever was. It was glorious weather, and a very pretty spot. After tea we strolled about and nursed other mothers' babies. No Kindergarten children were brought, only babies too young to be left at home. At intervals we ate strawberries, chocolates, and sweeties, and before going home we started the regal tea round again, having a good deal over after that. Though we were given saucers with our strawberries, we scattered the stems on the ground, but let it be

recorded that before we left all pieces of paper were gathered up as a matter of course.

There was a good deal of friendly chaff, and some really witty repartees — a thoroughly genial spirit all through. Unfortunately the Rector, the doctor, and Miss Ireland had all been prevented from coming. Every one enjoyed it, and we discussed plans for another excursion next year. The mothers were very tired going home, from the unusual amount of walking. I could have walked six times the distance, but my arms were not eager to do any more carrying of babies. One thing grieved me very much. A baby girl of nineteen months was sitting on her mother's lap —one of the most sensible and careful of our mothers. The father beckoned and called to his baby daughter to go to him a little distance off. She firmly declined. He held up a ha'penny and she capitulated with glee! Nineteen months! The way these children are bribed with ha'pennies is dreadful. They demand ha'pennies before they will do their bounden duty—things about which there

should be no question at all. This child must have a ha'penny or he will not wear new boots, and that a ha'penny or he will not submit to be washed. They get their way and spend on their pleasure a sum in far higher proportion to the family income than children of the wealthy classes, and far higher than they could ever rightly continue when grown up.

July 20, 1908.—Our week at Westfield was not an unqualified success. The children on the whole enjoyed it, and the new experiences, fresh air and good food, must have done them good, but there were a considerable number of difficulties for those in charge.

One of the children on being bathed the first night was found to have ringworm! And, to make bad worse, owing to the unusually dry weather the water supply was very short indeed. We had to wash six children in one small supply in a foot-bath! We used plenty of carbolic, and luckily the ringworm did not spread, but it was grief to us to fall so short of the high standard of cleanliness we ought to maintain. The party was too large. Fifteen,

after the unfortunate was sent home, ages three to six. Last year we were nine, and fifteen seemed double and treble nine. You can *feel* when nine are under your wing, but fifteen requires a counting of heads. It seemed far too much like an institution. No amount of wish could father the thought of fifteen being a family. We did not get as closely into touch with the children as last year.

Miss Doris Black and Miss Ethel Black started with us, but Ethel had to return the second day. Doris rose to the occasion simply splendidly, but it was heavy work, and the daily performances of washing, hair-brushing, etc., took a very long time. Miss Brodie kindly took charge of the children every day while we had our dinner, and she did not find it a restful time. Owing to the larger numbers we did not hear so much of what the children thought of it all. They did not seem to understand the usual nursery method of dividing the day by the names of the meals—were even confused as to the right use of the names. 'Before tea' or 'after tea' in answer to inquiries of when shall we do this or that

gave them no satisfaction. Mollie, aged five, while being dressed, asked, 'What are we going to get for our denner when we go downstairs?' Another child thought that after dinner came bed.

Three-year-old Willie informed me with the assurance of authority that elder pith was 'made o' breid' (bread).

They were very delighted with the wild flowers, and learnt quickly to find and tell the names of the common sorts. We did not see very much in the way of farm operations, because measles were rampant throughout the village, but what little there was going on in the fields received keen attention. Once we all stood in a ring for quite ten minutes, if not fifteen, watching the movements of a worm.

On one of our walks some gigantic stalks of cow-parsnips, five or six feet high, had been cut and left lying by the roadside. The first discoverer seized one and held it aloft as a banner, and they must all needs follow suit. Davie ordered them into line, and they made a stately and majestic procession, heralding the approach of an imaginary king. No character

in the finest pageant of this summer of pageants could have felt more alive to the splendour and glory and grandeur and dignity he represented than our David with his banner of cow-parsnip, disdainful of fatigue or any other mundane matter.

We had put the cart before the horse in making them familiar with hedgehog before they knew hedge. The little ones seemed unable to say hedge without adding the hog. The road was called by most of them 'street' to the end of the chapter.

When the weather was fit I did the evening hair-brushing in the garden. With bottles of carbolic and methylated spirit (which were much needed) beside me, and a big white apron on, Jamie Wilson told me I looked like a nurse at the 'firmary. Forbes, the maid, was called a 'dochter,'—a nurse was what the child meant. He had never seen cap and apron worn by any one not a nurse. Miss Hardy's 'funny coat' (dressing-gown) called forth some comment. Maggie Baillie expressed anxious concern because Miss Hardy's hair at 3 A.M. was 'lowsed' (untied).

Miss Hardy had *three* pairs of shoes!! Why, if they weren't 'lettin' in,' did she need three pairs? But Jennie's wise observation explained 'that pair was for Miss Hardy to take the children a walk, that pair was for Miss Hardy to go to Miss Brodie's supper, and that pair was for Miss Hardy to come to the children when they cried in the night.'

The children, girls especially, were very pleased with their clean white beds, and much impressed with the carefully set table. Arthur is said to have remarked at home that 'the denner was aye ready before the children at Miss Brodie's hoose.' They all gathered bunches of marguerites to take home, and Arthur's affection for his flowers ran to five or six fresh supplies of water per day. I should love to have heard all the children said about it at home.

We had a visit for several of the last days of the session from Miss Mabel Barker, who had been working with Professor Geddes at Dundee. On parting I asked her to write out her impressions. I thought it would be

interesting to see how our work struck an outsider, and that I might get some helpful suggestions. What she sent has been such a great encouragement and refreshment that I must copy it here.

'S. SAVIOUR'S MISSION KINDERGARTEN

'Edinburgh Canongate is a place of exceptional interest to all who are seeking for things to see and facts to learn, and are anxious to think about both. It has a wealth of material for the historian and archaeologist, while for artist and poet there is a true spirit of romance about the old closes with their quaint names and true stories. There is also a deeper and sadder interest, and to walk down the High Street and Canongate gives one a feeling of sorrow and yearning which is increased by the wonderful history of the place; for the beautiful old buildings are squalid and neglected, the closes are dirty, and the appearance of the people who live in them is, for the most part, depressed and miserable. What can we do? What remedy is there for all this? How many, in this street, have asked themselves such ques-

tions, seeing no answer, and with a feeling akin to despair? Yet some have asked it without despair, and with determination to find an answer, and they have found something to do. Down one of the old closes—Brown's Court—something is being done. Only a kindergarten school—only now bringing pleasure into the lives of some twenty children—not much apparently compared with the horror of poverty and ignorance outside, but who can say that? These children are being given what the board schools seem to have failed to give, an education which they *enjoy*. The work they do is a pleasure, a thing to which they look forward with eagerness, and which they are sorry to leave off. And it is *work* too, not only play—as real work as may be done by such tiny children, for their ages are only three to six. They come about 9.20, and are then dressed in blue overalls with red collars, and in the case of "Special Helpers" a red or white band. All deficiencies of dress are thus hidden, and the children look neat and clean, though many of them are barefooted (as so many Scottish children are in summer). After "Good-morning" songs they do housework,

clean all the brass ornaments (including the cross which stands before a picture of Our Lord, and is an object of special care), dust the chairs, wash flower-vases (of which there are many), and feed the pets. The eagerness of the children to do things themselves is pathetic. They will scarcely wait to be shown how to work! The pets are doves, canaries, pigeons, and a toad who lives in the garden, and among animals and flowers they learn gentleness and care for living things. They seem to learn this quickly too, for some of those poor children would scarcely have shown much kindness to birds or flowers before they came to the Kindergarten.

'The crowning glory and wonder of the place is the garden, and the story of how that was made from waste ground used as a rubbish heap is typical of, and a good omen for, the whole undertaking. A little plot has been made and a few seeds sown in the waste places of the Canongate, and it is to become a garden for work and play. Show people the way, and they will work at the garden themselves. In S. Saviour's Child-Garden their children plant flowers, water them, hail joyfully a newly

opened bud, and also keep their garden clear of rubbish. It is having a direct effect upon the grown-up inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood too, for they now refrain from using it as a rubbish heap—they admire and protect it. The children are taught to use their hands in many ways, such as clay-modelling and sewing. A few of the oldest are learning to read, and this is the only lesson which one feels is not perhaps worth the great additional work it must be to the teacher, for it is not greatly important that they should be able to read at six years old.

'The Child-Garden is carried on in connection with S. Saviour's Mission. Prayers are held every day, but it is not only during prayers that the children are taught to feel that their Lord is with them—that overflows, as it were, into all their work and play. The children themselves are for the most part from very poor homes. A few show sad marks of poverty and neglect, but nearly all are sweet and winsome babies, and one realises intensely that class distinctions are artificial, and the result of circumstances. It is terrible to think that in a few years these dear little comrades may

Photograph by Francis C. Inglis, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

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become the poor, draggled, overburdened little boys and girls so numerous in that part. There is surely no inherent reason why they should not grow up with a love of cleanliness, with some culture, some true education. They may not be so quick as children of the "better classes." It is difficult to get them to pay attention to anything for long, and perhaps difficult also to make them understand and take an interest in anything new. But then their experience outside school has been so very limited, and what experiences have their parents had which they could profitably hand on to their children? S. Saviour's Child-Garden stands for Faith in the human race (and Faith can always remove mountains), for Hope for and Love of it. It is a sign, too, of the great courage of those who believe that "The Kingdom of God is among you." The future of these children we cannot foresee, but surely the world will be the better for the influence on them of their present life —"Their children's children shall love roses."[1]

September 12, 1908.—Big news! We are going to move into a new house, all the

[1] Rachel Annand Taylor.

Kindergarten's own and admirably suited for the purposes. There had been several weeks of doubtfulness owing to various misunderstandings with miscarriages and crossing of letters, but now it is securely ours. There are six rooms and a bathroom! and a big piece of sheltered sunny ground which was once a garden —all in the Canongate! 8 Chessel's Court. The house is really a beautiful one, good proportions, panelled walls, lovely cornices, coat-of-arms and oil-paintings over the fireplaces, *and*—most dear to a kindergartner's heart—abundance of cupboard room.

The garden is on the south side, sheltered, and, for the district, marvellously secluded. In front of us there is nothing but breweries on a much lower level, so that it is practically open, and we have a fine view of Salisbury Crags. One small piece of the ground has been under cultivation, and boasts an ivied wall and a real pear-*tree*. It should be much easier to persuade things to grow there than in the draughtiness of our present ground, and should be made into a garden with very much less labour.

I am very keen that the babies shall do good

'Home-Lore' work. I want the house to be a *home*, theirs and mine, and it will be much more possible there than in the Mission Hall. They shall do house-work for *me*, and see something of the way in which a lady lives. If I can get the right caretaker they shall go into the kitchen, see what a well-kept kitchen can be, help to keep it clean themselves, cook the produce of the garden, and on festival days make toffee! We have good helpers for small companies now. We are badly in need of more room. Three of our first children are now 'six past,' and we are beginning the three R's in real earnest. Not at all that I believe in beginning them so early, but only out of regard to existing conditions. We are already a whole year later than board schools, and some of the mothers are fretting lest their children will be behind, and so eventually later in wage-earning.

September 16, 1908.—The children gathered together again yesterday after nearly eight weeks' holiday. It is grievous to see how changed they are. Several of them seem considerably coarsened. The boys are rougher,

and the girls more ready to tell tales, and intellects generally seem blunted. It all points very clearly to the need of a holiday school. If only we had a widow's cruse of strength and energy!

September 26, 1908.—We are getting on splendidly with the preparations for our 'flitting.' Some of the fathers and big brothers have given us a great deal of their time, especially Mr. Laing and Mr. Mackintosh, and have whitewashed ceilings, distempered walls, and made the place look clean and bright and sweet. The mothers, too, six of them, have held working-parties, and scrubbed and cleaned and polished. All of it for love! What nicer house-warming could one wish for! The very small income on which the Kindergarten is run would have been severely drained if all the hours spent had claimed wages. Now the money is set free for better equipment in school furniture and apparatus, which must be bought. As one of the mothers said, they can gladly give a few hours' work when they canna spare a shilling, and that

personal labour is even more gladly received goes without saying. Monday was the autumn holiday, when all shops and works are shut, and the town is *en fête*; and, listen to this, from six in the morning till six at night relays of our volunteer corps gave up a part of their hardly earned and rare leisure to do hard work 'for nothing.'

September 29, 1908.—We are having such a tidying and polishing of all our multifarious possessions in the Kindergarten; and the children, after school, are enjoying the privilege of 'flitting' some of the carryable things, to the great edification of our future neighbours in Chessel's Court.

October 1, 1908.—Mrs. Dott, our new caretaker, and her two boys, ten and eleven years old, moved into Chessel's Court this evening, with all their own furniture and belongings. Such a lot of their friends came to help, and there was such excitement in the Court. A whole crowd of children around the door, of course. How they had got the idea I don't know, but they remarked, 'Nice wee Sunday

School,' and, without invitation, '*I*'m comin' to it, I 'm comin' to it.'

I am very glad indeed to have secured Mrs. Dott. She is a friend of several years' standing, whose worth I know through having lived with her when she 'kept lodgers.' She does eight hours' work per day for Macniven and Cameron, so she will have no time for unnecessary personal services for me, to say the least, but she really likes hard work; the boys will help, and with all shoulders to the wheel we shall manage. Mrs. Dott catches on to the spirit we want in the enterprise, and that is the main thing.

November 1, 1908.—S. Saviour's Child-Garden is now most happily settled in its new quarters at 8 Chessel's Court, with expenses very considerably reduced by the large amount of voluntary work which has been given by parents and friends. Thanks to the men and boys the 'flitting' of both school and schoolmistress was accomplished at the cost of 6d. for hire of barrow.

Every one who sees it is charmed with our

new abode, which really is almost incredibly delightful for the Canongate and the price.

S. Saviour's Child-Garden must no longer be called a kindergarten. It has attained the dignity of a Preparatory School. In our new school-house we have a room set apart for a school-class furnished with little desks, which looks like business, and in it our oldest children are seriously applying the training of the last two years to the work of learning to read and write. We are at present at the proud stage of having just mastered our first primer, and our conversation in spare moments consists largely in the announcement of such exciting discoveries as *p* for pigeon, *k* at the end of desk, *Br* for Mary Brett, etc.

The Kindergarten proper is developing too; increasing its numbers and rejoicing in a new and very devoted assistant, and in wider opportunities for its many activities.

November 7, 1908.—We had a Hallowe'en party for the children on Friday. Miss Black and Miss Forbes had prepared tea in the transition-room, and kept it a secret till the

last moment. Great was their reward when the joyous surprise broke on the children's faces. The one piece of misappreciation only added to the grown-ups' amusement. Johnnie Jamieson, pointing to scones, remarked, 'I dinna half like thae.' [Memo.—No scones at the Christmas party.]

Then there was another Hallowe'en party on Saturday for the mothers and fathers who helped. They ducked for apples with no less enjoyment than the children.

November 29, 1908.—We have been so hard at work making our new garden that there has been no time for diary. Some of the faithful fathers have been helping again, working even in the dark one evening.

We have pulled up the grass near the walls, and made borders and a path all round. The eight biggest children have each a bed of their own. We are longing for the winter to go past and lighter days to come. Our friends have been most generous in sending us bulbs and herbaceous plants.

I gave a very belated house-warming party

for my friends on Saturday, and received praise of the prettiness of my room to my heart's content. One friend said it was the prettiest room she had seen since she came to Edinburgh. I have only the one for my own use, but with its two big cupboards and the bathroom I am well off. It has been painted professionally, as it was in a very bad state, and the choice of colouring is a great success. The room is a forcible testimony to the kindness of friends. I had no furniture to speak of, and everything that I need has been forthcoming either by gift or long loan. The children think they would like to have lessons one day for a treat 'in Miss Hardy's bonnie room.' Some of the mothers have expressed appreciation too, especially Maggie Baillie's mother. I heartily agreed with her in this opinion, which surprised me—'If ye put onything mair in it ye would spile it'; but at this—'It must be lonesome for ye. If ye only had some yin to come in nights, to share your bed'—I stopped dead!

The blackest page in all this diary! and yet one can't help laughing too. Davie and I were alone in the garden after school, when I

noticed him practising a very immature whistle which hadn't nearly 'come' yet, and at the same time looking up, winkingly and knowingly, at an imaginary person up aloft. I was deeply interested and rather weakly admiring him when he caught sight of me watching him. Then with a twinkle before which I was quite defenceless he brought out, 'Bet ye I could whustle a wumman doon.' Isn't it dreadful? only just turned six, and that his attitude to women already. Of course he was imitating precisely what he had seen and heard, but I fear he really understood it all too. Davie! the hope of my heart! For that boy's future we have built the highest castles of any. I have heard too that he was seen one Sunday looking very large with some playing-cards in his hand and the end of a cigarette in his mouth.

December 2, 1908.—Isa could not come to-day because her 'shoes was in the mendin'.' Shoes in the mendin' and shoes lettin' in are frequent causes of absence in winter. If any one who reads this has any small pairs to give away, I should be very glad to receive them.

We don't on principle give freely any clothes, but in cases of special need put special reserves at S. Paul's Provident Sale, which is very systematically and wisely conducted.

As there is so much misunderstanding prevalent everywhere as to what a kindergarten really is, we venture to offer to our people the following extract from the *Morning Post*:—

'To many people the term kindergarten suggests a rather hazy idea of occupations for small children, more or less useless in themselves, and obviously made in Germany. This is not surprising, for the real kindergarten only exists in this country in a few isolated instances, and the word is commonly applied to the various manual employments (such as paper-folding and clay-modelling) with which the mental strain of learning to read and write is relieved in the infant departments of our schools. But the virtue of the real kindergarten as Froebel conceived it lies not so much in a system of occupations as in an atmosphere. In the kindergarten the child between the ages of two or three and six was to be trained to develop according to its natural aptitudes

as a plant is trained, that is to say, by guiding and following, not by forcing its natural bent, and this training was to take place, all unsuspected of the child, by means of the tastes and occupations belonging to its age, taking advantage of its love of romping and singing and of making things—in short, through play. It was intended to supplement the home training by organising children's play, and making it of educational value, and also by adding the moral discipline of numbers, which the isolated home could not afford. In the countries that have adopted it, the value of the kindergarten has been found to consist especially in the opportunities it gives to the children of the poor. A child brought up in a wise nursery (all nurseries are not wise) does no doubt teach himself many things through play and toys and picture-books; and no child who is happy enough to be one of a large family can escape in the nursery the moral discipline of numbers. But with the children of the poor in our big cities it is otherwise. Their only nursery is the street, and what they have there, though it may develop their wits,

too often does so at the expense of finer qualities. Their imagination may be stimulated, but it is in an undesirable direction and not beautifully, as a child's imagination should be stimulated. As regards the children of the poor, there can surely be little doubt as to the benefit of the kindergarten. It gathers them, at the age when legs and mind are increasingly and often uncomfortably active, into warm and cheerful surroundings; it teaches them cleanliness, order, and obedience; and it restores to them, by leading them into the land of games and of fairy-tales, something of their share of the heritage of happy normal childhood.'

I gave the transition-class some Nellie Dale Readers to-day. The children in the pictures are of a higher social class than the one ours live in. Johnnie Jamieson noticed the difference immediately, and pointing to a sailor-boy said, 'He has a rich face. He 'll be getting a lot o' money,' not in the least enviously or with any hint of injustice, but in a congratulatory, lucky-for-him kind of tone. People so often say that the poor are greedy and cadging. Here are two contradictory instances: —

The people at S. Saviour's Hostel, the other side of the Court, very kindly allow me to dine with them, to simplify my housekeeping. Tom Dobie asked, 'Why div ye no' take your denner in your ain hoose?'

'There 's no dinner here for me to take.'

Tom, in a tone of kind admonishment, 'You sudna go to the Hostel *every* day. Mebbe they 'll no' hae enough for their ain sel's.'

The other instance happened in our very early days.

When we were beginning to make our first garden we got the boys to collect manure from the streets, and unwisely paid them a ha'penny per pail. When Willie Laing was offered payment the second time he said, 'My mother says I'm to take nae mair ha'pennies, for ye dinna get paid yersel'.' I *was* pleased—that the mother should hold that position and keep her boy in it too, for he might quite well have pocketed the ha'penny and said nothing about it.

The children often bring me curious presents, but I think I never chuckled to myself so much as over this. One morning Maggie Neill was bursting to tell of the glories of a new possession—something about hairts and a

caird, but as I had no time then to listen to her lengthy descriptions I suggested she should bring it for me to see. In the afternoon it came. Two beautiful silver and lace-trimmed hearts which interlocked. With reverent amazement I opened the hearts—a wedding-card—the inside blank, except for a pencil note as to the price per dozen and per gross. In a sudden burst of generosity Maggie said, 'It's for you, for your ain sel'.' Apparently my self-control was not equal to hiding the pain which the suggestion gave to my old maid loneliness, for she thought my appreciation waned. Stabbing still deeper, she suggested, 'Mebbe you'll no' be needin' it.' I replied mebbe my need of it wasn't immediate, and she had a happy inspiration. 'I'll gie ye a wee lend o' it,' and when good-bye time came she remembered and took it away. Well—

> 'Put that in!
> Say I'm lonely, say I'm sad,
> Say that health and wealth have missed me,
> Say I'm growing old, but add'—

I did once have a wee lend o' a wedding-caird o' my ain.

December 22, 1908.—The children are getting very excited about Christmas. The tree has arrived to-night. They shall decorate it Wednesday and Thursday. Christmas Day they go to church, and Saturday is The Party.

Dreadful tragedy this afternoon. Peggie Tait came with unmistakable mumps. I was packing her off home, and trying to break the news gently to her, when one of the children remarked in an awe-struck voice, 'Peggie 'll no' be able to come to The Party.'

Poor Peggie turned pale with disappointment.

December 27, 1908.—Our party was a great success. I don't know who enjoyed it most—the children, the mothers and fathers, the Rector, who personated Santa Claus, or the teachers, one of whom rose from bed to come. Several of the timid children were frightened at Santa Claus at first, but others were wonderfully trustful. They stroked his hand and patted his sleeve, showed him 'his photy' (a coloured picture), and brought him water to relieve his cough.

When he came back into the room as Mr. Laurie, they ran to show what Santa Claus had brought. 'What a pity Santa didna bring a present for Mr. Laurie,' a thoughtful one said, and when he left one of them told him to run fast up the street and perhaps he would get a sight of Santa Claus.

The mothers gave me a present which gives me a lump in my throat when I think of it. They collected amongst them, at the rate of 1d. or 2d. each per week (every single mother contributing), 19s. 6d., which by their express wish was expended on the improvement of our little oratory-table. In our old quarters it had to be one which could be removed each week-end for mission purposes; but now, with the help, too, of one of the Infirmary nurses, we have substituted it with one which is quite worthy and beautiful, and will no doubt be a still greater help in getting the children to say their prayers thoughtfully and reverently.

Some of the mothers are beginning to express quite a proprietary interest in the Kindergarten. I inquired of one of them how she enjoyed the Mothers' Meeting tea-party,

and she said, 'It was very nice, but it didna come up to weer party.' Without doubt the mothers are most easily got at through their children.

Every church ought to have a kindergarten for the sake of both generations. It is much the most easy and natural method of getting a welcome in the homes.

'She who takes a little child by the hand takes the mother by the heart.' I have got the opening for doing ever so much more in the homes than I shall ever have the time to achieve.

We had a most generous and plentiful supply of holly and evergreen given us for Christmas. Our own house and the Hostel were decorated throughout (except poor Mrs. Dott's kitchen, which was forgotten !) ; the children each carried bunches home, and I took some round to all the houses in the Court. I was very glad of the opportunity of showing friendliness to our neighbours, for I have been so busy, and there are *so many* that it is difficult to get to know them even by sight. One woman who is deaf, and was sitting in the twilight, said, 'You 've

come at the wrong time, my wumman, for I've nae money the day.' At another door the crotchety man who opened it declined my offer, but afterwards his daughter came down to tell me there was 'no offence meant.' Most of the people called me by name, and seemed quite friendly and grateful.

We are extremely sorry to lose Nurse Pirrie, who for the last few weeks of term came every morning to inspect each child, and did all the syringing, eye-bathing, dressings, etc., which were needed. Miss Ireland has very kindly volunteered to take her place. We regretfully lose, too, Miss Nettie Balfour, who has been with us since Easter—and gladly welcome Miss Rose.

January 19, 1909.—We welcomed a new little girl this morning, a bright little child of three, who lives near the Tolbooth clock. She took a very intelligent interest in everything, but found the morning very long. She asked two or three times if it was time to go home yet, and, not being satisfied with the replies given her, she suggested, 'See the time in the street.'

January 31, 1909.—The children will soon become conscious of the clash between the keeping of pets and humanity's carnivorous habits. A story came up of a rabbit which was made into a pie. They all exclaimed in horror at the idea of eating a rabbit! Maggie Neill suggested a happy way out of the difficulty. 'It wasna a *bunny* rabbit, it was a beef rabbit what hangs in the shops.' They all accepted her explanation, and I let it pass.

February 10, 1909.—The children's dramatic power is distinctly growing. Yesterday a barrel-organ drawn by a donkey visited our close, and we thought, in the poverty of our experiences, we should make the most of the opportunity. So we left our work and gathered outside. The sun was shining brightly, and the tunes were merry ones. Some of the children danced. We patted the donkey and fed him with bits of our pieces. The next day we dramatised it. One child was the donkey, another the organ, a third the man turning the handle, another the Italian girl with a yellow duster over her head. One or two

MAKING LOVE TO THE BUNNY

PUBLIC

children were chosen to feed the donkey, and the rest remained standing in our usual ring as spectators. Johnnie Jamieson happened to be standing in the ring, and with real self-command, intent on the interest of the game, he quietly took a sweet from his mouth, and handed it to the child who was feeding the donkey.

February 18, 1909.—We climbed the Radical Road this evening to do homage to the sun. It was the first time the children had seen the daily miracle of the sunset. He behaved most obligingly, first giving us only wee glimpses to whet our curiosity, and at the last showing clear but not too bright for our eyes, and big and red and impressive. We announced in chorus the stages of his descent—'half a sun, quarter of a sun, wee bit of a sun—going—going—gone,' and the children took short dives into the wonder and mystery of it all. On the way home we found closed-up daisies, and the stars and lamps came out.

We have said good-bye to the first of the children to leave us—that is, not counting one

or two who had been with us only a very short time, and who never became really one of our party. Stuart's uprooting came from deep down. He was the eighth person on our roll, and has been with us for over two years. He sailed on Tuesday to join his father in New Zealand. How helpful it would be if we could see all plainly set down how we have helped him for the future, and where we failed him. That we made some lasting impression is very certain. He always held the Kindergarten in high respect, and valued highly much that he gained there. Some illusions he is bound to lose, but let us hope that his memories will always remain grateful and affectionate. Stuart was distinctly Stuart, ponderous and slow, tenacious and independent in heart and will and brain—chivalrous, and on many points wonderfully wise.

Anxious to impress his little sister with the good manners he had acquired at school, he said to her one day, 'Violet, if I was to knock you down I should say, "I am sorry."' Violet did not desire demonstration. Another day, anticipating the pleasure of showing his

superior knowledge, he asked, 'Mother, what's for cat?' She, knowing what he meant, replied, to his astonishment, by pronouncing, according to approved method, the sound of the initial letter 'C.' 'What's for dog?' 'D.' Increasing amazement. 'What's for Stuart?' 'S.' 'Whae tell't ye? Did ye pick it up yer ain sel'?'

Well, he is gone—but grandparents and many uncles and aunts remain in Edinburgh, and we hope to hear news for a long time to come.

February 29, 1909.—Important event! Mamie has a hat! all her very own. If your wardrobe were as scanty as Mamie's is you would know the joy of possessing a hat. Last summer when I wanted to take her into the country in July she had nae hat, nae coat, nae shoes, nae stockings, nae drawers—and when we reopened in September she had nae frock. In winter she wears her goonie night and day. This is the first hat she has ever had, as far as my knowledge goes. In very stormy weather she sometimes wears a boy's cap, and once or

twice for church she has worn a borrowed hat, but more often nothing but nature's own covering. This is a real millinery hat—green straw, trimmed with green ribbons—given her by a girl who lodges with them. It is one of the indirect results of the children's daily service which the Rector has just started, but it rather defeats its own ends at present, because poor Mamie can think of nothing else but keeping it on at the right angle.

March 22, 1909.—The future of our little school, as of much else, has been in great danger, owing to the serious illness of our Rector. There are no words to express our thankfulness that he is now on the road to recovery. The children are devoted to him, and his name has been very often on their lips. On Monday, Mr. Collins, a former curate, conducted a little Thanksgiving Service for us in church. We took the best of the white hyacinths, which the children had grown themselves, as a tiny thank-offering, and afterwards carried another one to the Rectory. Tim Docherty expressed it to his mother, 'One to

HANDWORK IN THE GARDEN

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Mr. Laurie for getting better and two to God for making him better.' I often set the children to do imaginative drawing of whatever is uppermost in their minds, and with one accord they chose Mr. Laurie's illness as subject. This is Tommie's production.

Mr. Laurie is lying in bed. The sun is shining in to cheer him, snow is falling to show him how pretty it is. Suspended in air without dish or plate there is 'a duck for his denner' (Tommie's idea of luxury). To the left is a postman delivering in the sick-room the letters the children sent him. (Observe the two eyes, though face in profile, and face and toes turning in opposite directions.) The only suggestion I made was that, with pneumonia and snow on the ground, some bed-clothes were desirable. So, over the page we have a generous and still more generous supply of blankets.

March 30, 1909.—We have made an attempt at teaching the older children to keep Lent this year. And amongst other efforts we undertook to spend our Saturday's halfpenny on fruit

for the children at Longmore Hospital. The mothers rather spoilt it by giving the children extra money to spend, but some of the offerings represented real self-sacrifice. Altogether we had quite a goodly collection—in quantity at least: four bananas distinctly past their prime, two or three apples, several oranges of sorts, some very brown and shrivelled grapes (two ha'pennyworths), sweets, biscuits, snowdrops, daffodils. The plate containing the fruit stood on a little table in the class-room that all might watch the collection growing from day to day, and in honesty the sad secret must be told that one of the contributors when alone in the room fell away from grace, stole some of the grapes, and ate them up!

April 30, 1909.—We have just recommenced after the Easter holiday, and I am feeling more than ever how good a holiday is, how much it helps in looking past the ever-present daily routine to the ultimate significances of things, and how it intensifies one's joy in the work. I had been living in the Canongate, except for one week-end's break, from September till

Easter, and was needing a change. This thought of Professor Geddes's has been much with me, and I hope I am not claiming too much in applying it to our work.

'Whenever a man learns power over Nature, there is Magic; whenever he carries out an ideal into life, there is Romance.'

Our garden has undergone great transformations since Christmas. The City Gardener very kindly came to our help again, and sent men to put down red ash on our paths, sand in the carefully drained bed we had prepared, some creepers, and several flowering bushes. Besides flower-borders we have now a vegetable bed, in which are growing potatoes, cabbages, carrots, lettuce, and radishes; a fruit and herb bed (no one can say we are not ambitious!), in which are the pear-tree, one red-currant bush, one black-currant bush, one gooseberry bush, some raspberry-canes, rhubarb, mint, thyme, sage, and balm. We have made a rockery, and hope soon to get the clothes-line posts, which Laing removed from the middle of the green, re-erected to serve as uprights for swings and a rope ladder. Maggie Neill, our oldest child,

is seven to-day. Her mother is quite content that she should remain with us, though, being older than her set, she is a little behind her age in some board school attainments. Mrs. Neill said with tears of gratitude in her eyes, 'Maggie is made ower again' since she went to the Kindergarten.

July 7, 1909.—The chief feature of our summer term has been its tea-parties. Miss Churchill set the lead, giving a tea-party in honour of her birthday. I am sure history has no equal for such a Canongate tea-party as that was. The children were regaled with cakes, sweeties, crackers, and strawberries. Their enjoyment was delightful, and the giver must have felt well repaid. The next party they enjoyed even more, for while Miss Churchill was comparatively a stranger, this time it was a birthday-party for their dear friend the Rector, who is very well known and loved by them all, and there was the excitement of making and hiding presents for him to find. And far superior to any strawberries at any time of year were the sandwiches made of cress

and radishes of their own growing, not to speak of the pieces spread with the rhubarb jam they had made from their own rhubarb bed.

On June 10th we had a garden-party for friends interested in the Child-Garden. The children entertained by playing some traditional games and dances, and showing their flowers and pets. There were about one hundred and fifty present. The Rector spoke of the aims and needs of the undertaking, and several people showed warm interest and goodwill.

Then at the end of June the children had a long glorious summer afternoon, by the kind invitation of Mrs. Jack, in her delightful garden at Morningside. Getting the children there was a problem which we solved by packing them—twenty-one, besides two adults—in two cabs! one of which would not open! Only one of the party had ever been in a cab before, and the delight was intense. Mrs. Jack will not soon forget her astonishment at seeing such a number emerge from so small a space. Mrs. Jack's garden, one can see at a glance, was laid out for children by an understanding

mother. Partly cultivated and partly natural, it supplied our bairns with the pleasure of recognising friends they have known in their own flower-beds, and also the joy, dear to a child's soul, of gathering freely flowers 'to their selves.' What a picture they made in the sunlight with their blue pinnies on, kneeling and stooping in the grass! When they went home it was each laden with two bunches for mother, the one of their own picking, and the other of garden flowers prepared for them by Mrs. Jack's children. Mrs. Clark told me that when, in the very last stages of decay, her flowers had to be thrown away, Peggie 'grat sair.'

Miss Rose, another good friend of the Child-Garden, had intended to have the children at her house too, but as the weather was very wet, and she was not well, we held her party at the school-house. There were a great many cakes left over, and to my great joy one of the children suggested we should take them to the children at the Shelter (Prevention of Cruelty to Children). The others all agreed, and we carried it through with great éclat, presenting

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LITTLE GARDENERS

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them also with a pot of our precious rhubarb jam. Poor little things, our children are wonderfully generous in giving. Mamie one day requested that I should divide her 'hapeth' of strawberries—five small half-rotten specimens —among sixteen children. A chance American visitor, who came in shortly afterwards and heard the story, was so touched that she gave us a half-sovereign for our donation box.

Our gooseberry bush bore one gooseberry, and to Miss Forbes, who I regret to say is leaving us, was given the doubtful though sincerely intentioned honour of sacramentally consuming it. She thoughtfully provided more gooseberries of a more appetising appearance for the children, and we all enjoyed a gooseberry feast. The currants, red and black, are more numerous, but not yet ripe.

The mothers held what they now, its second year, call their annual picnic, when the Rector and the staff were their very appreciative guests for a long friendly afternoon at Cramond.

September 1, 1909.—I am sorry to say we

did not achieve our holiday in the country this summer, owing chiefly to the difficulty of finding a suitable house. I had hoped to be allowed the use of one at Kinghorn, but it fell through.

September 18, 1909.—We have begun our fourth session in grand form. Miss Edith Strachan, an experienced teacher who has studied at Oxford, has cast in her lot with us, and takes charge every day, morning and afternoon, of the little school-class. Then, also from our own congregation, Miss Margaret Scott, who trained in a kindergarten at Penzance, gives us every morning. So that, when Miss Black returns in October, we shall have a staff of four regular teachers.

October 30, 1909.—Our medical inspection had fallen into abeyance. Dr. Venters had had to give it up, we hoped at first temporarily, but unfortunately she was not able to take it up again. But now Dr. Alice Hutchison has kindly consented to become our inspector, and has made a thorough examination of each child. The answers to twenty-four questions for each

one lie amassed in a book. How to make the best use of the knowledge gained is now the question. What we want is a doctor willing to give all the medical help needed by our families. Miss Squire, our gymnastic mistress, sets us on the way for remedial physical exercises, and there is our dispensary, but that is not enough. The children are so timid and nervous that the mothers often shirk dispensary and infirmary when necessary. What they want is a doctor friend.

Our Mothers' Guild is now well established. We met, the mothers and I, and discussed our formation. They decided that in spite of quite numerous engagements they would like to meet once a fortnight. In conclave they drew up rules of membership, to be submitted to the Rector. Their object was to aim at co-operation between school and home, and the rules included one 'to put the children to bed at a fixed *early* hour.' I suggested a rule to limit the number of ha'pennies the children receive, but the mothers agreed that as it was often uncles and aunts, and not themselves, who were responsible, it was an impossible

rule to keep. Needless to say the newcomers were amazed at the suggestion, though several saw the wisdom of it. The following week the Rector came and inaugurated the Guild with all solemnity. He evidently made a deep impression of the seriousness and importance of the undertaking. While all mothers are invited to the social meetings, we do not propose to admit newcomers to membership of the Guild until they have had their children at the school, and have been coming themselves to our meetings for several months. One feels in any case that in their very adverse circumstances these rules are a tremendous undertaking for our mothers, but still a start has been made, and if there is but a little honest struggle, and the Maggies and Davies, etc., get only half an hour's extra sleep per day, that is at any rate so much gained.

January 10, 1910.—We have had the first break in our family caused by death. Isa Burns, a child of four-and-three-quarters, died on January 6th of meningitis. For her widowed mother and one sister it is a heavy loss, but

for the rest of the children I felt that with the Rector's good teaching it was a valuable educational experience. He did so much to counteract the usual Canongate attitude of morbid enjoyment of exaggerated grief. He spoke of Isa's being transplanted from our Child-Garden to God's Garden, and made us all feel how great was the gain. As her home was just a one-roomed house, 'with a wee place off,' the little body lay in church; and with a rich white cloth covering the coffin, and big candles burning at either side, it all looked very expressive of reverence and solemn joy. The children after their Sunday service trooped into the little chapel to see, and, one of themselves leading, they all simultaneously knelt and closed their eyes. On Monday morning, though school was closed for holidays, we met together and bought flowers and made wreaths, and in the afternoon the whole school went up to church, wearing their clean school pinnies with the white bands we use for festivals. Now they speak quite freely and happily of death and the dead. It opens up a new world to them, and makes the personality

of Our Lord intensely real and intimate. How wonderfully trustful and loving and deeply spiritual these little ones are.

> 'He knows no limit yet
> 'Twixt him and Heaven set.
> Don't rouse him from this dream's most holy might.'

Except for one child who went to New Zealand, and one or two who came only for a short time, this is our first loss since the Child-Garden opened, three and a half years ago.

February 3, 1910.—During a thunder-storm the other day the children inquired, 'What will be happening to Isa?' Evidently they thought her near the centre of the disturbance, and likely to come off badly. But Mamie replied, 'She 'll no' be feared. The Lord Jesus will hold her hand, and then she 'll play with my wee Jimmie.' Quite solemnly one day last week we sang our good-morning song addressed to the people 'in Paradise.'

The weather has been winter's worst, and with so much unemployment as there is, and the stinted nourishment that entails, many of our wee ones have been 'gey cauld.' Some of

the anxious mothers try to make up for poor quality in clothing by extra quantity. Three thick cloth waistcoats I found on one small boy. Most of the children are so bundled up with numerous unsuitable garments that circulation and ventilation are impeded, and often movement too. With contributions from Lady Mackenzie, Sister Agnes, and others, we held a small sale of children's warm underclothes on Saturday. We make it a rule never to give anything, but we fixed the prices low. The most needy mother of all paid for her purchases by clearing away our snow, but unfortunately many others who needed help badly had no wherewithal to buy. Next year we must institute a Penny Bank some time before the sale.

The children's interest in the election was very keen. One or two appeared with dirty ribbon badges, which they called 'vottin' things.' They wanted to know who I was 'vottin'' for. Who,—never which party. As far as I could make out the election seemed to their minds just a contest for the moment, like the backing of one horse or the other. To

be on the winning side was all that mattered. How far, one wonders, was that a true and complete reflection of the home attitude?

February 7, 1910.—Our Play Centre, as we rather ambitiously call it, has been going strong this winter. Miss Margaret Maclagan, Miss Simpson, and Miss Greig have all put much energy into it. We gained much incentive from Mrs. Humphry Ward's address on the subject last year, and the Edinburgh Play Centre organisation which grew out of it.

Ours is a much smaller affair, but our children are certainly no less happy. We receive only our own children, plus occasionally a few invitées among older sisters, and naturally we can secure a more 'home' spirit, and allow greater freedom than can be granted at board schools.

The children meet three or four times a week at 4.30. For about an hour the younger ones play quite spontaneously with toys, and the mother of the party seldom needs to exert authority. The senior members, aged six and seven, play card and other organised games.

Their sense of honour and fair play as yet needs much development. This play provides grand opportunities! For the last hour they play more active organised games, running, jumping, bean-bag games, ball games, etc. While they are conscious only of enjoyment and well-being, character-building is making progress. At 6.15 we form a little procession up to church. After noisy play, and the clamour of the streets as we pass, the silence and atmosphere of reverence in our well-beloved spiritual home is very beneficial. Think for a moment of the rarity of silence in a Canongate life, and the loss thereby entailed. The hour is too late for our little ones, but for the sake of the bigger children that cannot be helped. The tiny tots sometimes fall asleep! but the older ones usually listen to their simple and interesting instruction with surprising attention and receptiveness. Then, in Mothers' Guild families, at least, bed follows at once, and the day has been well occupied with a minimum of street life, and under influences as beneficial as can be arranged.

We have to thank several friends for toys,

picture-books, etc. Let no one doubt that we are always ready to accept help of any kind—from more toys and picture-books, or money to buy books of dances and games, to the services of lady helpers, and especially should we be grateful for lady helpers who are musical.

February 25, 1910.—All undertakings have their ups and downs. We have suffered a severe 'down' in the loss of Miss Black, who has gone to Canada. She has been a very good friend to the Kindergarten since its start, and has worked regularly with us in the mornings for the last fifteen months. Trained at Pestalozzi-Froebel House, and with many natural gifts, she has been a most valuable assistant, and very easily won the hearts of all—children, mothers, and fellow-workers. It will be difficult to find any one to take her place, and as yet we have no one. Domestic matters are giving trouble too. Mrs. Dott left us in November as the work became too heavy for her, and she and her boys are also a great loss. I have found it extremely difficult to find any one to take her place. One would think in the

present scarcity of work it would be easy, but we cannot afford to pay for, and do not require, a capable woman's full time; and the available people are, in cleanliness and many other respects, so far below the standard that is the limit one can 'thole.' I had one woman in who had been well recommended, but she scented the house with alcohol, and at the end of a week I was thankful to assist in her departure. For several other weeks one of the mothers has done the school cleaning, and I have largely 'done for myself.' Maggie Neill, aged seven, petitioned me to let her be my 'serrvant,' and has been very useful; and little Mary Neill, though it necessitated standing on a chair, has done door-keeper duty with so much of the essential qualities of graciousness and cordiality that I felt myself a churl by contrast.

March 15, 1910.—I have been asked to give a description of a day in S. Saviour's Child-Garden. The children gather in the Court from 9 till 9.15 when 'the school 's in,' which means that the door is opened. After

much scraping of shoes on the mat, hats and jackets are hung up, and the school pinny donned. Every child knows her or his own peg by the picture-postcard pasted above it. The overalls are provided by the school. They help to give the children a sense of order, cleanliness, and self-respect; are in some cases a great comfort to the teachers; and, being washed by the mothers in the week-end, form a useful link between school and home. As soon as the pinny is fastened, every child goes to Nurse Ireland, who gives soothing to sair chins and taes and fingers (pronounced to rhyme with singers), administers doses of emulsion or chemical food where necessary, and inspects for symptoms of infectious disease. The children have much to relate of small happenings at home. They are encouraged to talk, and at first there is considerable hubbub, but gradually a blue-clad line forms against the wall of the long lobby which serves as cloak-room. When all are ready the chatter of reunion gives place to silence, and we march into the kindergarten-room to sing good-morning greetings. The eight oldest children go to

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NURSE'S MINISTRATIONS

their own class-room with Miss Strachan for formal school work. The others, some thirty-one or so, after more marching or running on frosty mornings to get up circulation and let off steam, set to work at what we call Home Lore. Each child is made responsible, for a week at a time, for some little service for the good of all. The most privileged person, who enjoys the distinction of wearing a white band, has the care under supervision of the altar, polishes the brass, and gives fresh water to the flowers. Others attend to the needs of the canaries, the doves and pigeons, and Bobbie the dog. Then there are chairs, desks, cupboards, piano, etc., to be dusted; the lobby and garden stairs to be swept; brass handles to be polished; dolls' cradles to be tidied; windows to be cleaned; fresh water to be given to flower-vases; Miss Hardy's breakfast dishes to be washed and dried, etc. etc. Miss Scott and I to supervise all this and prevent waste require eyes all round our heads, and we would gladly welcome another helper. But the children love to help, and it is wonderful how busy and capable and independent they are.

How eyes sparkle as they announce, 'It's comin' clean,' and with what earnest entreaty they plead, 'Come and see what a big heap of dirt I've swept up.' How intensely they themselves, when given work to fit their capacity, spontaneously set the true spirit of the dignity and joy of labour. Surely these dear children can never degenerate in later life to the class of unemployed and unemployable to which so many of their relatives belong? At ten o'clock the bell rings. All the dust-pans and such like are put into their right places, and the children form into lines. Preparation for prayers is the next process. Some much needed handkerchief practice is gone through, hands are inspected, and if not up to the required standard are submitted to the disgrace of having to be washed at school. Our prayers are of necessity of the very simplest. Their aim is to develop reverence and to spiritualise everyday life. The little interests and experiences of each day are given their significance as expressions of divine immanence, and the children early see that religion is related to all life and all life to religion.

The powerful reaction of behaviour on character is kept in mind, and much care is given to maintain disciplined postures and controlled voices. In spiritual insight and genuine love of the divine, these small people are as specially gifted as all children are, and though they are not yet ready to bring much intelligence to bear on their religion, though little limbs do not always give complete response to intention, and attitudes are sometimes crude and comical, the true spirit of worship is strongly there. Is it not the fact that religious training has been the last to adopt the psychological principles which are admitted to be fundamental in other branches of education ; namely, the value of self-activity and external aids in all healthy mental and spiritual growth ? Since religious teaching must of necessity be so abstract, the greater the need of the concrete in its presentation. 'Every delight of the senses should be used as a means of loosing the fetters of the child's soul, for ministering food to the spirit, and opening the gates into the region of the beautiful,' as Baroness von Marenholz Bülow, one of the chief exponents

of the kindergarten, well says in this connection.

We have found our pictures, flowers, our beautiful gong, candles, offertory, bodily positions to be very educative in many ways. Our little altar, or rather oratory-table, for that is all it is to the children at present, stands in the midst of all the work and play as a symbol that everything is in religion, and religion in everything.

After prayers the roll is called, and the children then divide. The eight biggest, of six-and-a-half to seven-and-a-half years, return to their own class-room and get their reading-books. Ten children of five to six-and-a-half are in the transition-room, gaining by practical experience knowledge of the elements of number; while twenty babies of three to five sit down to low tables in the kindergarten-room for a picture chat, story, nature talk, or finger play. There is a great difference in capacity between the tiny tots of three, who are new arrivals, and those who have been close on two years with us, and for this reason too we should be grateful for further help.

Picture-books are a great joy—the children so seldom have any in their homes. It is delightful to see how eyes brighten and tongues are loosened. Even the most silent ones begin to chatter, and all unconsciously are gaining power of language expression, in which they are as a rule so pitiably deficient. Stories are extremely difficult to tell to these mites. One is so handicapped by the extraordinarily narrow limit of their experiences.

At 10.45 the children gather together again for little plays with arms and legs and fingers, which, all unknown to them, are the beginnings of physical culture. Miss Ross now supplements the workers, and gives the children the individual care and training in physical habits which they so badly need. Meanwhile, the little band of Special Helpers, as the monitors for the week are called, are busily setting the lunch-table under Miss Scott's supervision. The table-cloths are spread, and each child is given a little plate and mug. Then while 'the big children' are learning expression in writing and drawing, the little ones sit down to the 'pieces' they have brought from home, and hold

cheery converse together. This affords additional opportunity for training in good manners —a sit-down family meal being rare and even almost impossible for want of space and sitting accommodation in some of the homes.

After lunch comes free play. If the weather is suitable the children are in the garden, running, swinging, playing with the pigeons, gardening, digging in the sand, watching the tortoise, or looking for new developments in the garden beds. If indoors, they play with balls or sand-bags, draw on the linoleum fixed for that purpose to the wall, and in order that the discipline may not be too severe for their tender years, are allowed, for a few minutes, as much noise as they wish, provided no one's rights are disregarded. And the hubbub *is* a hubbub. When the Special Helpers have performed their work of clearing away lunch, we march again into the kindergarten-room, and form a big ring for musical games and little plays, which give scope for representation in action of stored-up impressions, and tend to idealise their experiences. The first game the children choose generally bears reference to

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Photograph by Francis C. Inglis, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

LUNCH IN THE GARDEN-SHELTER

the prime interest of the day. For example, the day the joiner came to fix up some shelves we all were turning imaginary screws in imitation, and singing a song which emphasised the honour and delight of being a working man. When the flower-buds were first discovered peeping above ground in the garden we sang a spring song, and the children became crocuses, hyacinths, daffodils. At other times we represent fish or bird-life, home occupations, anything in human life or nature with which the children come in contact.

In this way, while the ring gives the sense of unity and subjugation of private interests for a common end, each child becomes in turn one of the chief actors in the play, to the obliteration of self-consciousness or apathy, and all are exercising their imagination, using their lungs, developing ingenuity, enlarging their vocabulary, deepening their impressions, and gaining generally good taste and culture.

Next, preparations are made for seat work, and we, one and all, the school children having now finished their three R lessons, give our time to the so misunderstood and misused kinder-

garten occupations. The casual onlooker is apt to value these occupations at the quality and worth of the finished product. That, to the enlightened, is the one thing that does not matter. The real value lies in the doing of the work, in the use it has been to the child as a means of expression. All kindergarten work should be grouped round one object for the time being, the centre-point to which all activities and energies are directed. One or other of the natural objects furnished by the child's environment is usually chosen, and the choice is determined by the season. In the work and play systematically planned round the centre-point, the children gain new experiences; their minds are stored with ideas. Then comes in the use of the kindergarten materials as a means to reproduce their experiences. With bricks, sticks, chalk, clay, paper—with any plastic material—they express the impressions they have gained. And crude though the expression may be, they realise something of the artist's joy in creation. If it is our dog Bobbie who has been occupying their attention, they make again in their own little toy world

his collar, his biscuits, his drinking-dish, the brush they brushed him with, the hammer they broke his biscuits with, and wonderful attempts at portraiture which, though they be caricatures, are yet speaking likenesses of Bobbie himself, Bobbie barking, Bobbie sleeping, Bobbie being tubbed, etc.

Rousseau says 'children easily forget what has been shown them, or what they have been told, but what they themselves have made they never forget.'

The occupations finished, school pinnies are restored to their own pegs, a good-bye song is sung, and the morning is ended; a morning which, fools think, is spent in 'only play.' The kindergartner, too, has *only* to 'amuse the children, which any one can do'—merely again 'child's play!'

Well, play, for the young child, all educationists agree is the best, the only means of education. The kindergarten discards the abstract learning and instruction which have no relation to the child's physical, mental, or spiritual needs, and places him instead in a little world of action where he can develop his

personality along the lines of his own natural activities, his social life by contact with his peers. In childhood there is only one true means of reaching self-expression, and that is *play*. Organised play is, in the child-stage—*work!*

May 10, 1910.—This poor diary has been neglected for months, but we have all been *so* busy. The idea seized us that it was time our children learnt to take part in dramatic performance. Many of them had been entertained at the Band of Hope meetings, and we thought that for one evening they should be entertainers. So we started gaily forth to represent some nursery rhymes. The children took to it like ducks to water. They love the whole company of Bo-peep, Jack and Jill, etc., and are never tired of their songs. Their lives have so little change from common necessities, and the prosaic workaday world, that the very suggestion of personating kings and queens, and the interesting folk of tradition, filled them with delight rarely enjoyed so keenly by the west-end child. Out from the sordid

they bounded into the wonder and glamour of make-believe, into the charm and magic of romance. How their eyes sparkled and danced, and with what new airs of majesty or sentiment they held themselves. Clothes, after all, make an astounding difference.

While Miss Scott and the others superintended the Play Hour, I called out individual children for fitting and trying on. 'Who are you going to dress to-night?' was everywhere the question, while the more assertive ones (notably Davie!), irrespective of whether their costumes had already been completed of course, would plead with passionate entreaty, 'Dress me! dress me!' But—the making of forty costumes out of nothing was a tremendous task. Of course the children possessed nothing that would serve, and naturally none of our friends cared to lend. Miss Macniven and Miss Foulis, who had had previous experience of tableaux, came to our help, also Miss Churchill, and we held some sewing meetings. A bundle of children's garments of early Victorian date gave us a start, and with one thing and another we managed to produce some presentable costumes

and properties. The dressing of the company for rehearsals and performance was a formidable business. We had several very willing volunteers, but the possibilities of confusion were unlimited. Imagine all these excitable, restless little folk, needing everything done for them, not knowing their costumes or even their own clothes, muddling up their stockings and shoes, and getting untidy again as fast as they were put straight. Each character's garments were given to the dresser tied up in a bundle, with names of character and child and inventory on the label, or it would have been hopeless. We dressed boys as girls and girls as boys, just as suited best. Cropped heads were the most difficult to make presentable, but we managed to hide the ugliest under big caps. Two of the smallest boys were quite unwilling to have their clothes changed. As usual the girls had much more 'spunk.' Some of the tiniest, though they enjoyed the fun, hardly realised what they were doing. Mollie Riddle, aged three, who took the part of page-boy to the King of Spain's daughter, was asked what she was, and she replied, 'A paste board.' We

invited the mothers to a dress rehearsal, and they were much impressed. 'We couldna believe it was weer Maggie.' 'Lizzie was a pictur'. She just looked a real little lady.' 'What bonnie you made our Ina.' 'However did you teach the bairns to keep so still?' 'What nice the singing was. I heard every word.' Weeks afterwards Mrs. Riddle said to her husband, who had not been able to be present: 'You 'll never see anything nicer in your life.'

We had practised the posing a good deal in playtime—an excellent lesson in self-control. The whole company used to make different movements and assume expressions according to direction. Then, unexpectedly, the bell would ring, and they had to maintain the postures as long as possible. I continued counting till some one moved, and we even got up to the fifties as a company; while individuals, and notably Maggie Neill, one of the greatest fidgets! were little short of a hundred. At the actual performance there was of course more movement. The excitement of a hall full of spectators was too much for some of them.

Jennie Thomson turned round and laughed to her mother, adding to the charm of the picture. While Nellie Cockburn, one of King Cole's fiddlers, searched the company for her family and pointed with outstretched bow. On the whole the children did remarkably well, and were quite spontaneous and unspoiled.

The children have had their introduction to the makings of history. They watched the procession pass to the Proclamation of King George, and we hope they will always remember it. Nettie made a wonderful picture of her recollections too complex to reproduce. When the professors passed the children shouted with one voice, 'Dr. Faustus!' their only previous acquaintance with cap and gown. The bailies' red cloaks suggested to three-year-old Mollie 'the King of Spain's daughter.' We have made great use of the times to inculcate loyalty. Miss Johnston kindly presented us with pictures and a big flag, which was hoisted with all due ceremony. And now we are singing patriotic songs and saluting with great gusto.

Photograph by Francis C. Inglis, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

A CORONATION PROCESSION

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May 17, 1910.—A friend sent a box of cowslips to-day, and *how* the children loved them. If the sender had heard the chorus of 'Oh's,' she would have felt amply rewarded. They were so beautifully fresh and golden, and attracted the children tremendously. And they have positively been the redemption of my worst pickle—a mischievous young scrap of three. Ever since he came, two months ago, he has been obstreperous at Home-Lore time, not caring to do anything himself, and just being a nuisance to everybody. He has taken to the cowslips with great delight, and gives them water every day most carefully.

June 10, 1910.—Still he comes to me every morning—'Do the fowers'—and what would happen if there were no 'fowers' to do I daren't think. One day, when he had been spilling the water a good deal, I made him sit down for a little while, and such was his indignation he cried, 'Tell ma feyther. No play wiv you.' But playtime was not two minutes old before he was emptying imaginary coal-bags into my bunker.

With only eight days' notice we suddenly plunged into preparations for a garden-party. Two hundred invitations were sent out. I told the children we were going to have a party, not for themselves but for grown-ups, and they must think of something they could do to give the ladies and gentlemen a happy time. Many suggestions were forthcoming, and I had hard work not to laugh. Maggie Neill proposed (a novel suggestion for the exhausted American hostess), 'Pray for them.'

'Do the acting' was a proposal which met with unanimous approval, and we began to repolish our tableaux. This was, however, a more serious matter than before. In a garden curtains and screens were out of place, and the Rector wanted everything done in full view of the spectators, after the fashion of the early Elizabethan plays. Behind the curtains, for speed's sake, I had partly put the children into the required positions, and it seemed that, in the short time at our command, getting the tiny tots to go on and off the stage and pose themselves would only end in muddle, if not tears. However, the weather was

propitious. We spent every available moment practising. Miss Buckton and Miss Waverley gave Trojan service, and the thing went splendidly. The children made only enough mistakes to add to the amusement, and the slow deliberate way in which the dying babes in the wood disposed themselves as if for comfortable slumber brought down the house. Our neighbours enjoyed the spectacle immensely, and the foreman of the type-shops overlooking the garden gave most valuable assistance. He saw that our platform, which had been erected with the best means at our disposal, by some of the fathers, out of tea-meeting table-tops, with flower-pots and bricks as supports, was not very steady. So he very kindly let down from their windows several dozen type boxes, and sent a man to fix them up. Mr. Stewart of Lynedoch Place Nurseries very kindly sent a cart-load of shrubs and plants in pots, and, with scrim lent by the Art Committee of the Outlook Tower, our platform looked exceedingly nice.

Afterwards the children handed cakes, showed their gardens and pets, and generally

entertained the guests. The costumes, designed for gaslight at long distances, did not bear close inspection, and in contrast to the grown-ups' universal mourning looked considerably tawdry; but our friends were very appreciative, and the children earned commendation for their unself-consciousness and simple friendly behaviour. That they enjoyed the occasion was evident. One little maid, in a burst of conscious happiness, put her arms round a guest's neck and said, 'Mind you, I'm at a *party*.'

A BABIES' GARDEN-PARTY IN THE CANONGATE

By Mrs. Byrde

'The Canongate has seen many a pageant, and many a social function has taken place within its precincts; but except at Holyrood during the Assembly weeks, garden-parties have not been a usual form of entertainment in the neighbourhood, nor, one may with confidence surmise, have spectacular performances in the open air been a feature therein for many

a long day. Nevertheless, on Saturday afternoon about one hundred and thirty invited guests, mostly from quite different and distant localities, assembled at a garden-party at 8 Chessel's Court, to witness a series of tableaux, and listen to the singing of forty performers, residents all of the immediate neighbourhood! This sounds like a fairy-tale, but it is all quite true. There *is* a garden behind 8 Chessel's Court, and very green and inviting it looked on this occasion, which, it may be as well explained without further mystification, was designed to show the friends of a small social experiment, now long enough on its feet to be almost pronounced a success, how well it is progressing, and to interest them further in its development. The young performers were all of them beneficiaries of the experiment, the Child-Garden, as the modest doorplate just inside the picturesque entrance to the fine old house tells one is there established. Here reside a few lady workers of Old S. Paul's Episcopal Church in Jeffrey Street, close by; and three rooms on the first floor are fitted up, simply but attractively, for the

daily reception of about fifty little ones, from some of the unwholesome homes in the crowded tenements near and around. They are very tiny, these children, ranging from three years to seven or eight. The experiment is modest in the extreme, aiming only to get hold of the babies before they go to school, and set them in the only environment that will allow them to expand and grow as their nature was intended to do: the environment of cleanly, wholesome surroundings, with the atmosphere of gentleness and guidance that is rarely found in their homes. They are brought to the Child-Garden every morning for their baby tasks, every afternoon for their baby play. And on Saturday, as stated, their progress in disciplined play was delightfully exhibited in a series of acted Nursery Rhymes, set to music, in both of which performances the wee toddlers took earnest part, evidently as much to their own enjoyment as that of the audience.

'It was indeed a pretty sight, apart from its affecting circumstances. The garden itself was a wonderful surprise to all who saw it for the

first time, and shows what can be done in most unlikely quarters with the most modest opportunities and means. And the view from it was equally unexpected: a clear open view of Salisbury Crags, hardly interfered with by the low serrated line of roofs and chimneys beyond the wall. It was evident, on looking about, that the function was causing considerable stir in the neighbourhood: in almost every window of the tall tenements that overlooked our garden from two sides, heads clustered or figures projected half-way in the easy demi-toilets of the holiday afternoon, contrasting with the correct funereal attire of the guests on the lawn. The performance, as is not usual on amateur occasions, began before the time, with the apology that the little ones were dressed, "and the longer they were kept waiting the more untidy they got." So, to the inspiration of a march played on a piano set near the little stage, the procession began to descend the picturesque stairway. Down they came in mimic pageantry—kings and queens, chubby pages carrying their trains, milkmaids and shepherdesses, and all the well-known person-

alities of nursery literature and tradition. With great spirit the small master of ceremonies mounted the stage, and delivered his prologue of apology and propitiation. But no audience which watches the performances of little children needs to be propitiated; and on this occasion one thinks that hearts were very tender, and that amusement which came of certain naïve unrehearsed effects was not far from tears, perhaps, as one thought of the squalor, vice, and want out of which these little flowers of humanity, throwing themselves so earnestly into the land of Make-believe—the true childland—were being rescued, not entirely, only partially, but with the persevering hope that such partial salvation might keep their infancy comparatively pure and simple, and forestall the wasting effects of after-life. Nor was the performance lacking in elements of real talent. It was quite marvellous how intelligently some of the tiny actors and actresses entered into their parts, and the final item on the programme, "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" brought the house down, including the uninvited

"gods." It was certainly a great success, this open-air show by the babies. Unwillingly they were led away, some of the wee ones finger in mouth, to reappear later in their fascinating attire and wait on guests. And then the audience heard the moral, and it is the moral that one would like to leave with the public in general, if one could. We hear so much about social work, its difficulties and discouragements. Where could social work begin more hopefully, more reasonably, more humanely, than with the children of our slums, who are at the age of all others most helpless, most engaging, and above all most impressionable? If every church in Edinburgh were to undertake the culture of fifty little children under seven in some such kindly way, in some such pleasant shelter, what a brave start it would be, at least, towards the solution of one of our worst problems! Our children are our assets as a nation, and their minds and bodies are alike largely determined by the influence, spiritual and physical, that surround those plastic years. The experiment at 8 Chessel's Court is open to the interested observer, and

its friends are only wishing that many another may be made in the city, on the same broad lines. But alas! the beautiful garden's existence is even now threatened! an offer to take the house and ground on a long lease has just been refused by the owner of the property, who wishes to sell it. And so, unless funds are forthcoming—about £300—this bit of beauty in the sordid neighbourhood, this home for nearly all of their waking hours of fifty happy little ones, who would otherwise be in the dangerous street or filthy close, or, worst of all, in the fetid air of some squalid room, will soon have to be given up, and where in the Canongate shall another such little paradise be found? The space, the elevation of the site, the poetic view, the green sward, so kindly repaying the care and attention spent upon it by many loving hands, the flowers, and the delightful sand-pit where the feverish energies of the domestic pie-maker and the martial architect of forts alike have ample scope, all appeal with the eloquent voice that 8 Chessel's Court may be saved for the babies!'

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Photograph by Francis C. Inglis, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

LESSONS IN THE GARDEN-SHELTER

July 11, 1910.—We had a bad accident yesterday. I closed a door on Mabel's fingers, and one of them was crushed and torn most horribly. Poor little soul! While I dressed it she moaned, 'Oh dear, oh dear,' like an old woman. Lizzie meanwhile rose to the occasion, and led the drilling during my absence most efficiently. She evidently felt for me most thoughtfully. Bella also. To amuse Mabel somebody drew a comic picture of the accident taking place. The question was asked, 'Who did it?' 'Miss Hardy!' And Bella promptly interposed, 'Dinna say it was Miss Hardy, say it was the door.' At 'piece-time' Mabel was presented with many titbits. Little Mollie Riddle passed along her bead chain to adorn the heroine. Afterwards, when the heroine had recovered, Mollie wanted her beads back. Mabel, unwilling of course to part with them, suggested (aged four), 'What will you take for them?' Mollie (aged three-and-a-quarter) replied forthwith, 'A bit worsted.' And the next morning Mollie deposited in my pocket for safety her 'bit worsted,' about two yards long.

The children have had no lack of special treats this year. In October they had a tea-party at the school in honour of Miss Strachan's birthday, and also a delightful expedition to Morton Hall Farm, where they were given a very kind and thoughtful reception by Mr. Mackenzie, and came home the richer by many new experiences.

All-Hallows, which is also the Child-Garden's birthday, we celebrated as usual with a party, at which ducking for apples was the chief entertainment.

The Christmas party becomes each year a more deeply enjoyed festivity. The contributions sent in for this occasion were so generous that, as we do not wish to spoil the children with too numerous or extravagant gifts, we reserved some of the money for pictures and for the expenses of summer expeditions, and so spread the enjoyment over the year.

Miss Churchill gave the children two delightful parties, in February and April, and in July the whole party went out in one crowded brake to Mrs. Jack's garden at Morningside,

and had even a more perfect afternoon than last year.

Holiday Time.—The last few weeks of the session, I must confess, were a weary drag. We were all three run down and in need of holidays. Though the work is so enjoyable and satisfying, yet when one is not well it is very tiring. And though it is so full of joy and hope, yet it does offer, too, terrible opportunities for depression. The seeds of good ripen with heart-breaking slowness, and ill weeds grow apace. Worst of all, one knows oneself to be so very far from what one wants to be, and all told the odds against one are disheartening. Yet looking back, after having crawled out from despair, one sees that the very depths into which one sank give all the greater impetus for soaring. The very difficulties which frighten and paralyse us when we are ill, give us when we are well all the more exhilaration and inspiration. 'There is no easy victory—no victory whatever that is not more than half defeat for us. Be sure of that. *What of that?* If only we keep a

foothold, if only we leave behind us a growing host to fight when we are gone.'

We did not attempt to take the children away altogether to the country this year; but I am glad to say that we were given tickets for a fortnight at the Children's Holiday Home at Humbie for all those over five who really needed it badly. And we have further to encourage us the following report on our school, the result of a visit at the end of last term from the Diocesan Inspector, the Rev. W. S. Jenkins.

'S. SAVIOUR'S CHILD-GARDEN

'As desired, I took the opportunity of a visit to this Child-Garden for the purpose of examining their religious work, to inspect and note the methods in use for the children's general development.

'It seems to me that a bright and thoughtful intelligence is being awakened, that the true kindergarten beginning is made, and progression follows on natural and wise lines. The care of pets, of flowers in the garden, the training in the domestic duties of orderliness

and cleanliness, help the more mental and scholastic training. The system and method employed in the Transition and Elementary stages for this more mental development seem to me judicious, and are already showing good results.

'Comparing the reading and writing and the simple arithmetical problem instruction with similar work amongst children of corresponding ages in a State-recognised school under Government Inspection, I find that the quantity and quality is not deficient or inferior in my estimation.

'Speaking more generally, the tone of the school, and the bright happy atmosphere, must have an elevating influence mental and moral, coming as it does in these very impressionable years of the children's lives.

W. S. JENKINS,

M.A. (Oxon.), Diocesan Inspector of Schools (Edinburgh), A Manager of S. Peter's Church School, Galashiels.'

So much we have achieved. But the visions for the future that are in my mind go far beyond this. What possibilities there are

in education! Our little school, we hope, will continue as a school until the children are perhaps ten years old. Then we will pass them on to the board schools. But how much there is to do which the schools, under present conditions, find impossible. We teachers are sometimes blamed because the schools in so great a measure fail in their results. But people forget that, after all, the school only touches a part of the child's life.

I have visions of a time when we shall have a large band of workers—women and men—and a kind of children's club or home, open at all out-of-school hours and on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays. We will supply wholesome enjoyment and recreation. There shall be games of all kinds to teach a sense of justice, fair play, equity, and equality. There shall be good pictures, statues, literature, plays supplying abundant opportunity for developing imagination and idealism, discrimination, wholesome taste, the power of appreciation of good in things and people. We will have plentiful expeditions to the country, seaside, museums, and gain reverence

for and joy in life and nature. Our friends shall send us tickets for concerts, picture-galleries, and theatres. We will be strong on Scouting and First Aid. The children shall acquire consideration for others, and the desire and ability to be helpful. We will frequently visit factories, workshops, and industries. We will run all sorts of handicrafts—cobbling, weaving, joinery, soldering, pottery. There shall be debating societies, training in citizenship, practice in self-government, the children forming themselves into a little state and making their own laws. Then for the girls there shall be cookery, sick-nursing, care of babies, preparation for motherhood, all kinds of home-life training. And our best efforts, second only to the age of three to seven, shall be for the period of adolescence.

We must give our children religion and character, self-reliance and initiative, adaptability and efficiency for *life*. We want to send out individuals able to think, to cope with a situation, to be resourceful, to be good social beings, with real knowledge and imagination. What we should aim at above all, I

feel, is a right relation to God, to life, and to work.

Schools, we teachers all know, fail in that they take the children away from their natural and wholesomely educative surroundings, herd them together in an unnatural way, spending their time at books when they should be doing something useful and practical. Education must be drawn more into everyday life, and everyday life made more educative. This is coming to be generally admitted. Professor Darroch once said that the 'chief hindrance to education was the schools!'

It will be a long time before our schools can accord with these theories in practice, but we will supplement the schools. Let us be the pioneers, and, besides benefiting our own children, help on education generally.

All this is a dream. Well, the Kindergarten was once a dream, and is now a fact.

September 17, 1910.—Our garden has been called a 'brave poor thing.' Poor, we must admit, it is at present. There is little else in bloom but sunflowers. The rabbits were allowed

to run all over the place during the holidays, and the result is that not one green leaf is left in the tiny vegetable patch, and the survivors among the flowers are few. And the grass and greenery is black with smuts.

Never mind, the bulb season — our best chance—is coming, and if friends are as good to us as they have been in previous years, our garden shall triumph again, over rabbits, smuts, bad air, poor soil, and all things else, in the spring.

The children are keen again on the 'Lending Library.' There never was a more modest little collection of baby books given such a high sounding title. It will soon fail to satisfy the literary cravings of even seven and eight-year-olds, and additions would be welcomed. The beautiful books presented by Mr. Jack are, of course, not taken home. Now that the children are old enough, we are going to have a 'quiet hour' for these at the Play Centre.

The children have been to Princes Street Gardens. When one of them asked what 'yon big thing' (the Scott monument) was, another replied, 'That's a big ornament.' Ornaments in

their world are most important signs of 'good class,' and evidently such a big beautiful garden required a big ornament.

October 4, 1910.—Miss Scott kindly gave us all a most delightful expedition to Joppa yesterday, a very agreeable variation on our birthday tea-parties. As the weather had been so glorious, we decided to give a half-holiday and started at 1.30. At Waterloo Place we boarded a car specially reserved for ourselves, a very great boon which only those who have taken a party of slum children on an ordinary car can fully value. Every small child in a car, if he is at all intelligent, naturally has an ardent desire to kneel and look out of the window. This time there were no ladies' skirts for wriggling boots to wipe themselves on, and we could let the children indulge to their hearts' desire. The row of little backs intent on the passing novelties was a fascinating sight. On the sands—no one needs to be told—they were intensely happy, wading, digging, running, jumping, in the fresh keen air, with laughing faces and unusual zest. The roofed enclosure

round the bandstand provided us with an excellent shelter from the wind, where we all ate a very hearty tea. After a good scamper to keep us warm, we returned by the car, and were extremely grateful for the consideration shown us by the company's officials. It was quite one of the happiest afternoons we have ever had, and combined a welcome enlargement of experiences with simple, healthy enjoyment. We were not surprised that several of the wee ones 'slep' in' this morning.

Little Katie Anderson brought some buckies to school on Monday (evil-smelling shells of some sort, the remains of a Saturday delicacy). When good-bye time came these precious possessions were missing! As tears were imminent I produced a little wooden soldier for consolation. On Wednesday morning Mr. Laurie was showing the children some little figures of Eastern gods, and Katie remarked, '*My* wee soldier is lyin' sleepin' in the hoose.' Evidently she quite identified her treasure as of the idol type.

James Macfadyen, who is supposed to go to bed at seven, owned to nine o'clock. And

when I remonstrated—'I'm kep' that busy fetchin' ice-cream sliders for my big brothers that I've nae time to go to bed.'

We have been trying to raise the standard of punctuality, and have adopted the plan of writing up the names of the late ones on a card which hangs in the lobby where all can see. So far the children are most eager not to get their names down. Poor little Annie Riddle returned one afternoon having had no dinner. 'The denner was no' ready, and I was feared I'd be late.' Louie remarked, 'I'm going to get up with my mother to-night, so I 'll be airly.' Friday 'night' withal.

The Rector brought a very beautiful butterfly to show the children, an illustration of the beauty of God. They looked at it more closely in the afternoon, and during the conversation the question was asked, 'How do we know that God is beautiful?' Willie replied,' Because He keeps Hissel' clean.' Not for nothing have we taught the worth of cleanliness. This was surely '. . . babes . . . perfected praise.'

October 17, 1910.—We have begun to-day

bringing our wee tots back in the afternoon and putting them to bed. Other free kindergartens have been doing so, and finding it of great benefit. It has always been a grief to me that we have never hitherto been able to manage it, but now with Miss Reid's valuable help it is for us too the happy fact. We found little Alfie Stark the other day asleep in school at 9.30 in the morning. When one thinks of the little chance of sleep there is for a wee scrap like that, in a noisy, lighted, stuffy room, sharing a bed with three or four bigger children, it is not to be wondered at. It is extremely difficult, almost impossible, to make these mothers realise the necessity of long good sleep for tiny children. With their usual lack of method they often put off and put off 'beddin' the bairns' till it is time to 'bed' themselves, and then wonder that the children are nervous, and blame them for being bad-tempered.

So our kindergarten-room, which is nursery, kitchen, school-room, play-room, art-gallery, church, is now also dormitory. Each child has a little folding stretcher bed—a wooden

frame with canvas laced across so that it can easily be removed for cleaning. The bigger boys will set these up and put them away. For each bed there is a blanket and a little pillow filled with chaff, both plainly marked with the user's name. At each vacation and midterm the pillow-case will be boiled, and the chaff will go on our garden manure heap. A disinfectant spray will be to the fore, and the blankets will hang where they can be well ventilated all the time when not in use. The children are surprised and delighted at getting a bed each 'to weer ain sel's.'

My sins have found me out! When the children have urged that they would 'like to stay the night' with me, I always pleaded the truth, which was not the whole truth, that I had no bed, that mine was too small for two. Now with a high pile of beds Maggie Neill announces that she is going to stay the week-ends with me. She is also, expense no consideration, going to Switzerland with me next year.

We have evidently impressed some early lessons in hygiene, as this picture will testify.

Photograph by Francis C. Inglis, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

THE AFTERNOON SLEEP

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It is part of the method we use in teaching reading to let the children write word-building exercises from memory, making also original illustrations. Annie Riddle had written lit, fit, sit, hit, bit. I discountenanced 'nit' as unsuitable, when all on her own she hit upon 'smit' (infection), and with glee evolved this picture. To the left is a lassie lying ill in her bed, by her side is another lassie 'gettin' the smit.' The figure at the 'fit o' the bed' is the mother, and the blue, anxious, trunkless face is the inevitable neighbour who has 'just dropped in.' All in blue is a view of the doctor mounting the stair. He is just about to rap at the door and announce that the lassie is 'no' to gae aboot carryin' the smit an' a'.'

N.B.—Annie's little sister had recently had ringworm.

Alfie thinks he should have the red band now he 's 'gettin' bigger an' a'.' His height is thirty-three and a half inches instead of thirty-seven, and his weight two stone when it should be two stone nine. That is roughly the height and weight of two years instead of four. 'Bigger an' a'' is an irrefutable claim. Poor Alfie!

his life is not without variety. There are days, sometimes several consecutive ones, when he enjoys the dignity of boots and stockings; there are warm wet days when every big puddle is another kingdom, and nought cares Alfie that 'mither pit his buits in pawn'; and then there are biting east windy days when the price of mother's drink is that Alfie's taes are blue and cauld, and in body, soul, and spirit Alfie seems pinched and nipped and starved.

When Alfie, unconscious of doing anything out of the common, eats the dog biscuits put down for Bobbie, should one object on moral grounds, for reasons of hygiene, or let it pass?

November 14, 1910.—One day, after I had been ill, Chrissie Wilson remarked to Miss Reid, 'I keeked in at Miss Hardy's door, and she 's *weel*, she 's sittin' on a chair.' I considered myself only convalescent, and my doctor would not allow me to return to work for two days after that. How pampered one feels when one thinks of the suffering and fortitude that paved the way for that remark!

When once the mothers of these children are no longer prostrate, they are up and at work and 'weel.' How *do* they manage it? I once went to pay my respects to a fourteen-days-old baby, and the mother was out, gratuitously scrubbing a neighbour's floor! It is not only Crimean Wars that make Florence Nightingales. Commonplace everyday life creates many heroines in the Canongate.

January 25, 1911.—An interesting story has come from one of the mothers. Fred Davis, aged four, is very keen to 'get work,' and is often inquiring if his 'feet are big enough to go and get work yet.' One day, after having been with Miss Scott in Princes Street Gardens watching the railway line, he went home and said to his mother, 'I ken fine the road to go to get work now. I'm goin' to clean the trains' engines.' Then, very regretfully, 'But I didna see the gate to get to the trains.' We thanked his guardian angel that he 'didna see the gate.' If he had got so far unhurt, he would have been quite equal to accosting any official.

February 16, 1911.—Surely we touched bottom in the way of toilet limitations to-day. One of the four-year-olds came back with a long face after school-time to bemoan the loss of 'a gairter.' I have known 'gairters' of various sorts. Stockings (and hair too, sometimes) are tied up with all kinds of odds and ends, scraps of rags, of silk, lace, net, calico, satin (prime favourite), or bits of stay-laces, boot-laces, or worsted. So I searched the floor with an open mind as well as eye, but all in vain, till suddenly she pounced upon a filthy piece of common packing string. 'There it 's.' And the string tied on, off she marched triumphant.

At the Mothers' Meeting last night a handkerchief was left behind. I told the child, whose mother was sitting where the hankie was found, to ask if it was hers. She replied, 'I ken fine it 's no' my mother's, for she has nae hankies in the hoose.' 'In the hoose' is a quaint expression. One day when the children were washing my 'breakfast dishes,' there was a little cream left in the jug, and I gave it to the most weakly child to drink. Peggie

remarked, 'It's like we're in weer hoose,' meaning 'it is as if we were at home.' It is significant that the word 'home' doesn't exist in these children's vocabularies at all, and 'weer hoose' ('hoose,' forsooth!—often one room) is the only substitute.

It often comes upon me with a shock still to see how little they know of nature, how very very remote the country is. We were looking to-day at a picture of a father bird on a branch near a sitting hen. I asked, 'What is the father doing?' with 'song to cheer weary patience' in my mind for the answer. But Emmie replied, 'Watching for fear a man in a shop will come and steal her.' Will they ever see nature but through city eyes, poor things? What poverty of life and feeling it means.

March 22, 1911.—Timothy White needs to be taught self-control in many ways—the most strikingly evident being in nasal habits. His 'leakage' is considerable. I have dubbed him 'Mister Moisture.' He doesn't understand, of course—from my tone considers it a term of endearment—and I find the name a convenient

lubricator for my patience. One day Nurse Ireland thought she would contribute her share to his training—'Timothy, use your handkerchief.' No response. Miss Ireland's language was far too subtle for Timothy's youthful comprehension (three years two months). 'Timothy, use your handkerchief.' No response. Lizzie, his self-constituted little guardian (four years), shook him by the shoulders—'You dirty little deevil, clean your nose.'

A child remarked some time ago when she was getting her week-end book from the lending library—'I 'm goin' to hide it away so my mother 'll no' find it.' Poor mother, she must be hard up for literature to take from her child a toy-book designed for a seven-year-old. But I believe it is quite common for the whole family to read the week-end 'liberries.' If I had not so many irons in the fire already, I would start a library for mothers.

Yesterday Maggie wanted a specially nice book, very artistically got up, and in good condition. As she is a very flighty young damsel, I gave her special warning to be extra careful. She promised, and added, 'I 'll let my mother

read it, but I aye say, "Mother, show me your hands."'

May 28, 1911.—We achieved last week the biggest undertaking in the way of expeditions we have yet tackled. We took the whole school to Miss Reid's home at Granton, which meant a car and a long walk for the older ones, and two cars for the tiny tots each way. *How* they enjoyed it. The day was rich in new experiences. The senior people went down to the pier and watched the boats, while the little ones journeyed forth to see hens and chickens. A three-year-old informed his hostess he had seen 'a muckle pig' (big pig). No matter that it was in reality a sheep. We passed some nursery gardens on the way with many glass houses. Lizzie, anxious to air her knowledge, informed the rest, 'That 's a light house,' and was corrected, 'No, a sun house.' The children were delighted with the lovely garden. Chrissie, whose house is a half-underground fair-sized closet, no more than three times the size of the double bed, and that opening off

a 'shoppie,' announced, 'I 'm goin' to ask my grannie to flit to this hoose.' Rent probably more than twice the family's whole income! 'I 'd like fine to bide here,' and 'dinna want to gang hame,' were frequent remarks. After tea Mrs. Reid's maids kindly washed the children's hands and faces. Their little minds are always in fear of the unfamiliar. Though the maids were kindness itself, their dress was strange, and the wee tots did not wholly appreciate their benevolent attentions. A frank one voiced the reluctance 'slap bang'—'I dinna like you.' 'You needn't be afraid, we 'll not eat you.' 'I ken fine you 'll no' eat me, but I dinna like you.'

A few minutes afterwards the new concept-maid was woven into their play. A tent became the abode of a grand lady, and Daisy grew great heights in dignity and importance, possessing herself of a servant to 'mind the door.'

July 4, 1911.—This morning while in the garden the wee tots discovered a worm, and Miss Reid urged them to be kind to it. In the afternoon she was astonished to find Fred

Davis lying on the extreme edge of his bed, on the wooden framework, in great discomfort. He had taken the worm to bed with him to show it affection, and wanted to ensure it 'plenty room.'

Responsibility comes early to slum children. Willie Ross came to the door in great distress, torn between conflicting duties. It was time for 'the school to go in,' but, 'My mither 's oot, and Geordie 's playin' in the close, and he 'll get lost, and it 'll be my blame, and my mither 'll get on to me.' Aged four and two months.

September 4, 1911.—Our eight oldest children passed into North Canongate Board School to-day. And we reopened Play Centre for them that same day. We mean to have them back from 6 to 7.30 every evening, and so carry on our character-building. Tommie Brown announced, 'I'm goin' to learn jinery at the big school so as I can come and teach the wee yins.'

September 20, 1911.—S. Saviour's Child-Garden is rejoicing in the beauty of its walls. Hitherto its mural decoration was all that was

dismal, dirty, dingy, sordid, dark, germful, and in the last degree untasteful and unsuitable for its present purpose. Now, thanks to several kind friends, two of the rooms are bright, clean, wholesome, and strikingly delicate and beautiful. The woodwork is done in good quality white enamel, and the children themselves remove dirty finger-marks. That they appreciate the change is evident. One of our bigger boys would 'like to stay in this bonnie room all night.' The difference it makes to the ladies-in-charge, in a sense of cleanliness, restfulness, and greater space, is immeasurable; and the children have been led to see in this, as in all, evidence of the love and beauty of God.

November 12, 1911.—Hope on, hope ever! Alfie Hislop, aged four-and-three-quarters, one of our dirtiest, most unresponsive children, living in the sorriest of home conditions, asked his mother, entirely of his own accord, 'no' to put trakle on his piece, for it would sticky his face, and he didna like to bother the ladies to wash it.'

Isn't that the essence of true gentlemanliness? If Alfie will voluntarily forgo his treacle

Photograph by Francis C. Inglis, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

THE FIRST CLASS TO LEAVE

from consideration for others throughout life in slumland, who knows how much he may raise the level of his generation!

November 27, 1911.—We have just received this report of our 'graduates'! from their teacher at North Canongate School.

'Eight children from S. Saviour's Child-Garden have been admitted during the past three months to this school, and placed in a class commencing Standard II. work. From the first these children have taken a keen interest in their work, have been most diligent, and have readily adapted themselves to the work as conducted in a large class.

'All, except one (who has been handicapped by illness), have proved themselves quite proficient, some more so than others, in the different branches of the class-work. Four rank among the best in the class, and other three take a very good position. English in every case is particularly good, but in some cases a little weakness is shown in arithmetic. A point that is worthy of special mention is the very good behaviour of the children. They are most

amenable, very mannerly, kindly natured, and truthful always.'

December 5, 1911. — S. Saviour's Child-Garden is the happy recipient of a special donation of £15, given for a most delightful purpose—namely, for erecting a shelter in the garden. Last summer the wee ones slept, day after day, in the garden, with but very few and short breaks in the weather. But Scotland cannot expect to see two such summers in one generation. Sleep in the open air is an inestimable boon for our wee ones. Without some shelter there are not usually many days when the average Canongate mother is wholly happy and free from 'fear o' the cauld' when outdoor sleep is suggested for her bairn. But now, once the shelter is erected, with our fortunate south aspect, we shall be independent of east, west, and north winds, as well as showers. The little ones are gaining rapidly in weight, probably owing to their afternoon sleep, and we hope for better developments yet. The shelter will also serve as a class-room and lunch-room, and, in summer, our nine-year-

olds might well spend warm nights there. Our young men friends may expect, when summer is near, invitations to come and take charge. With the gain to the boys in a refining personal influence, to the adult in the enlivening and stimulating companionship with high-spirited young hopefuls, with the fresh air, the prospect of the inspiring crags, the sense of the majesty of the universe and the nearness to God which comes so freshly in the stillness of the night air out of doors, with possibly a shower-bath with the garden hose on rising, and a race round the garden, what a very happy and good time they might have.

January 10, 1912. — S. Saviour's Child-Garden is endeavouring to tackle another of its problems on the physical side. So many of the children, when taken to the Dental Hospital, only receive the verdict 'already hopeless,' that we are starting a tooth-brush drill in school hours. In the middle of the afternoon (a queer time of day, but we have to consider when we can best spare the time from mental work) companies of eight and

sixteen children may be seen kneeling in a row, with bowl and mug on the floor before them. To words of command they diligently use what is at present a new toy, all unconscious of the comic appearance they present.

We hope this may prevent toothache, help to secure good health, and—let him scoff who is blind—further our great aim of efficiency for life.

Santa Claus in his hamper brought brushes for home use. Will our well-wishers kindly wish us more funds to complete the necessary outfits, and that our children and parents may not regard the practice as 'yin o' the ladies' fads,' but take it up with an enlightened desire for betterment and discipline?

Miss Reid, trying to persuade a new child to submit to bed (always a difficulty at first): 'Wouldn't you like to come and lie on this nice little bed?' The child: 'Has it ony fleas in it?' 'Oh no!' 'My bed at hame has fleas in it. Ma feyther says he's goin' to burn it, but he doesnae.'

February 14, 1912.—Maggie Aitchison, aged

Photograph by Francis C. Inglis, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

three-and-a-half, remarked very sagely to-day, 'We keep a feyther in weer hoose.' To a child of this age and manner of life, the father is truly a more negligible member of the family, very often, than the cat!

March 12, 1912.—Oh that we had a scheme for feeding the children! If only we had the money. For the penny which we would ask the mothers to pay we could give them better nourishment than they can now have. It often happens when the mother is out working that our children are given a ha'penny to buy biscuits for their dinner themselves. There is little enough sustenance in biscuits, but how is the little body to grow when the dinner ha'penny is spent, as it sometimes is, on toffee and even chewing-gum!

Two of our church workers were discussing the Aitchison household the other day, not in my hearing, but the remark was handed on to me. The District Visitor said, 'How that family has improved since Maggie went to the Child-Garden! Wherever there is a child in the Child-Garden, I always see improvement in

the home.' And the kindergartner adds, 'If the kindergarten be worthy of its name, that is bound to happen.'

April 1, 1912.—A year ago we had to face the possibility, if not probability, of being turned out of our present delightful quarters. The landlord refused to renew the lease, and there was absolutely no hope of finding in the district another house and garden so eminently suitable. Now Miss Simpson, one of our Play Centre helpers, has very generously bought the property, so as to secure it for our use. She will let it to us at the usual rent during her life-time, and intends to leave it to us in her will. And now several improvements have been or are being made. The shelter given us by Prince Galitzin is now completed, and only awaits painting. A tumbledown old shed, which was wholly unsightly and useless, has been converted into a second shelter, so that when the three-year-olds are sleeping in one, the older children can have lessons in the other.

Messrs. Deuchars have granted us the use of

a piece of derelict ground immediately below our garden. The Outlook Tower Open Spaces Committee has given us a grant for planting trees in it. Some of the fathers and big brothers are hard at work at digging, levelling, and tidying.

Then at the back of our house, in Chessel's Court, a wonderful transformation has been made. The greater part of the middle square of the Court was a disused and neglected builder's yard, and was just the usual refuse heap which a derelict spot always is in the slums. The Outlook Tower has cleared away the refuse, removed remains of fallen houses, and laid out a delightful garden. A high, sordid, unsightly wooden paling has been replaced by an open iron railing of good make, and the dignity which the large open space gives to the really fine old houses is very striking. Unfortunately for us a dilapidated old house and a squalid little shed stand between our house and the garden, but possibly these may be removed some day, and at any rate we have the pleasure of it as we pass to and from the Canongate; and the sense

of joy and relief which the sight of it gives can hardly be realised except by those who habitually suffer from the depressing effect of ugly surroundings.

It is borne in on me more and more how bad the destroying influences of the slum environment for children are. We have to see our training continually counteracted and our work undone. While we think we are establishing a deep-rooted love of duty for its own sake, we find at home the child is being bribed with ha'pennies. A mother, whose child is quite obedient at school, confesses, apparently without shame, 'Isa will do anything for anybody except me.' Constantly we have just to make up our minds to build our house upon sand, and be content with small successes that may soon become failures. But that even a small success in this work is well worth striving for I am more and more certain. Even if only a little can be done, that little is well worth doing. If it is easy to underestimate the difficulties of the work, it is impossible to overestimate the need of it. The children are just as loving and lovable as any

other children. They come into the world full of good instincts. At three and four years old we find them brimming over with love of helping, and at five they are eager and alive with desire for the mysterious and spiritual. Their guardian angels are very good to them, and they have a wonderful power of rebound, of growth in spite of adverse influences. And yet, without some one to help them, the 'trailing clouds of glory' *must* go. The evil effects of the street are appalling. Some of the mothers make a gallant struggle for the children's sake, and considering their difficulties deserve high admiration. But always the home conditions are unsuitable for child development. The mother's ignorance and physical incapacity, even her undisciplined love itself, are bound to crush out a great deal that is good. There is deplorable waste of vitality going on in the slums. The atmosphere of self-indulgence and lack of discipline is causing degeneration and destruction of the highest and holiest. To any one who knows the life at all, the child's cry for the rights of his inheritance is very appealing.

The present board schools cannot make adequate provision against the dangers of the slum-child's environment. There is need of more complete care of the children; of receiving them, in our country, at an earlier age; of larger aims; of keeping the children in the teachers' charge for longer hours; of closer co-operation with the home; of closer intimacy between teacher and child; of studying and treating the children as human individuals; of fostering spontaneous growth of self-discipline and spirituality.

Well, the beginning is made. There is a general upward trend in education. Teachers are everywhere widening their outlook and making their treatment more human. Play Centres and Guilds of Play are working at the formation of character. What though we only scratch the surface, as the pessimist says; better that than nothing. At any rate this is the work that has most hope in it. What though we are but a drop in the ocean. The movement is bound to grow. When we opened our Child-Garden six years ago, there were but three other free kindergartens in Great

Britain. To-day there are, all told, ten; most of them dependent on voluntary subscriptions, some of them living, as we do, from hand to mouth. But the time will come, at last it will, when the slum-child's right will become every man's duty, when education will be the first and chiefest concern of the people, when the State will provide in slum districts children's homes in a wider, fuller sense than ours, in sufficient numbers to take in all the children. Then it will not be long before every mother is able herself to give good training to her children, and free kindergartens will be no longer needed, for slums will be no more.

POSTSCRIPT

S. Saviour's Child-Garden is closely connected with the oldest Episcopal church in Edinburgh, Old S. Paul's, Carrubber's Close, whose activities are devoted to work in the closes and wynds of the ancient city. The Rev. A. E. Laurie, Rector of Old S. Paul's, is chairman of the Committee of Management. The Kindergarten is in the Canongate, not far from Holyrood and very near the historical building known as John Knox's House.

This diary was originally written as a series of letters to personal friends, who have thought that the subject might be interesting to others beyond my immediate circle. It is only the urgent need of money to further the work that has made me consent to its publication.

In revising the diary for the press I have changed nothing except the names of the

children and those of some of the friends who have helped me, and who prefer to have their identity concealed by a pseudonym. I should like to express, in the name of the Rector and myself, our warmest thanks to Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, to Miss Nora Archibald Smith, to Mr. Walter Blaikie, to Miss Margaret Blaikie, to Mr. F. C. Inglis, and to my fellow-workers for their help in the production of this little volume.

Much gratitude is also offered to the three free kindergartens that came before us, at Hoxton, Edinburgh, and Birmingham, for suggestions gained from their experience; also to the many friends, too numerous to be mentioned by name, who have in one way and another furthered the work of S. Saviour's Child-Garden.

LILEEN HARDY.

CHESSEL'S COURT, CANONGATE,
EDINBURGH, *September* 9, 1912.

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